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THE HERO
OF THE
SASKATCHEWAN.

LIFE AMONG THE CHOWAN AND CREE INDIANS

IN CANADA.

BY
JOHN MCLEAN, M.A., F.R.D.

(ROBIN BOSTER.)

Author of "The Indians of Canada," "James Evans, Inventor of the Syllabic System of the Cree Language," &c. &c.

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1891.



GEORGE McDOUGALL,
The Hero of the Saskatchewan.

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TO THE MEMORY

OF THE LATE

SAMUEL SOBIESKI NELLES, D.D., LL.D.,

CHANCELLOR OF VICTORIA UNIVERSITY,

MY HONORED INSTRUCTOR AND FRIEND.





PREFACE.

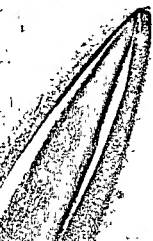
EARLY in the year 1881 the plan of this book was conceived, and materials begun to be collected which in the two following years were utilized in the preparation of the manuscript. In 1884 the book was laid aside unfinished and not until the present year was it resumed. The task is now ended, somewhat imperfectly, but we hope these pages will not have been written in vain.

MOOSEJAW, ASSINIBOIA,

Canada, *December 10th, 1890.*

JOHN McLEAN.







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→The Hero of the Saskatchewan.←

LIFE AMONG THE OJIBWAY AND CREE INDIANS, IN CANADA.

BY JOHN McLEAN, M.A., Ph.D.

(ROBIN RUSTLER.)

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

MASTER missionaries are not born every day. When a missionary genius leaves his impress on heathenism, and the influence of a leader is felt in the transforming power exhibited in temporal, moral and spiritual things, the eyes of the multitude are directed toward the happy possession of principles, which designate him as divinely appointed and guided in his intensely earnest efforts for the amelioration of humanity and the salvation of souls. We are all learners, and the study of mankind is one of the most profitable studies in life. The lives of missionary leaders become therefore eminently fitted for personal, imparting accurate information, guiding against error, generating a passion for souls which culminates in a burning enthusiasm, that smiles at difficulties and ensures success.

The noble and enthusiastic **GEORGE McDougall** was one among the gifted spirits that have adorned the cause of missions, and worthy is his name to find a place in the missionary annals of the nineteenth century.

GEORGE McDougall was born in the city of Kingston, Ontario, in the year 1820.

During the tender years of childhood, pious influences were thrown around him in his home, which left a lasting impression upon his mind, and caused him in early manhood's years to rely implicitly upon the care and wisdom of a devoted mother, and ultimately to revere the memory of the one dearest to him on earth. His parents were natives of Scotland, and from them he inherited that spirit of perseverance and self-reliance which was often put to severe tests, yet always conquered, amid the wintry storms, and arduous duties of missionary life in Kewatin and the Saskatchewan.

The tempting snares in the shape of wealth that presented themselves before him, especially during his residence in the vast territory of the North-West, caused him not to swerve from the path of duty, and the polite encroachments of bigots or the daring bravado of immoral frontiersmen were unable to deprive him of the defiant and heroic spirit of his valiant ancestors. In hut and hall he retained the proud mien of the Celtic race, tempered with the refining influence of the religion of Christ. Thus, in the language of the national poet of Scotland, he found expression for the language of the heart:

"What tho' on hamely fare we dine,

Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;

Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,

A man's a man, for a' that."

His father was a non-commissioned officer of the Royal Navy. He performed naval service on the lakes on our frontier, during the war from 1812 to 1815. When peaceful times settled once more upon the country, and there was no longer any need for the defence afforded by the presence of the Royal Navy, his father with many others were at liberty to forsake military life for that of peace and prosperity, as farmers in the districts newly opened up. When the resources of the country were becoming more fully developed, and the enterprising settlers were preparing homes for themselves amid the forests, the family located on the Penetanguishene Road, above where the town of Barrie is now located. The family consisted of two boys and three girls at this period. Two sons died before George was born. The guiding influence in the household toward religious matters was the presence of the pious mother animated by her prayers and enforced by her example. It was her loving counsel that saved her boy when treading the slippery path of youth, and it was to her energy and

pious enthusiasm that much of the success of her missionary boy is to be ascribed. Her thrift and maternal devotion secured for him an elementary education, and her Christian fortitude and tact led him in early manhood to yield his noblest powers as a joyous sacrifice to God. During these boyhood years, as the bone and muscle of the embryo pioneer were being developed, the country was enjoying a season of rest which was well improved by the hardy colonists in enlarging their resources, creating new industries, suing for religious equality and increased political power. Emigration was encouraged, and with such success that within a score of years after the war the population had nearly doubled. There were political dangers which for a time threatened to impede the progress of Upper and Lower Canada, but ultimately some of these were overcome, while others lay for a season, until some daring spirits cast a rebellious gloom over the land.

Despite the very imperfect agricultural implements with which the farmers had to start new farms, the agricultural interests of the colony were very prosperous. A new spirit was infused into the people, and from the grim and ghastly scenes enacted by red-handed war, they fled to the ennobling and inspiring haunts of peace, where the toilers, by intelligent and joyous industry, built enterprising towns and villages, and gave an impetus to the colony, which helped materially to avert and overcome the subsequent evils that stood in her way.

Though many thousands of emigrants found their way to Canada during the years succeeding the war, the newly settled districts lacked the advantages and hindrances of older sections, and hence the comforts and joys of social life had to be sought in the home. Isolation prevented the McDougall family from profiting by the conversation of their neighbors, still it was a preservative against temptation and vice. Thus there arose the necessity for a thorough home training, which should supply all the wants of a rising family, and ensure for each member an ample share of culture, with-mirth and morality as safeguards and stimulants to aid in imparting knowledge in the home-school. Amid the sanctity of farm life, sweetened by honest poverty and the smiles and caresses of loving sisters, the boyhood of George McDougall was happily spent. He belonged to the race of the illustrious poor, and in after years, when pressed heavily with labor, and enjoying a place in the hearts of thousands in Great Britain and on the American continent, he rejoiced in being numbered

among the poor nobles of the earth, whose heritage and fortune consists in a good name and virtuous deeds. In the innocent days of childhood, the old log cabin was to him a palace. There, in his forest home, he was learning those lessons that were to become so useful to him when the mantles of fallen missionaries had rested upon him. It was the truths taught him by poverty and perseverance that prepared him for his life-work, and enabled him to pursue a career, notable for its exciting adventures, civilizing influences and spiritual results. As he romped among the trees, and sported in his childish glee with the squirrels and butterflies, he exhibited those characteristics of his manhood, a joyous and earnest spirit encased in a powerful physical frame. He was a child of the country. The songs of the forest songsters sent music to his soul. The liberty-life of childhood in the country developed his body, and the solitude of the life of a new settler aided in giving freedom to a mind debarred by its constitution and training from following the grooves wrought out by the great majority in life.

Education in those days was next to impossible, unless the hardy pioneer sought to teach his children at home. The settlers were so far apart that even though a school had been organized, the younger members of the families could not walk there.

In entering a new district, the financial outlay of the settler in buying provisions necessary to sustain his family until the first crop is taken off, is as great as he can bear. For the first few years every muscle must be brought into action in the erection of buildings, and fencing and clearing the farm, while the intellectual wants are left in abeyance until hunger is kept comfortably at a distance. Then schools are erected; and education advances with rapid strides.

Trials were therefore the necessary result of the first few years' residence in the backwoods.

The means of obtaining an education in those days were scanty, and the thrifty pioneer had to be contented with the instructive talent that was developed within the precincts of his own home.

Other means than relying upon schools had therefore to be sought, by which George, with his younger brother David, and his sisters, should receive at least a start in the matter of intellectual training. The mother, true to the instincts of her pious nature, made up for the lack of schools by teaching her children. Though her household cares were many, she increased her energy, and became a school teacher

in her own home. When the two brothers were old enough they walked to school, five miles distant. David was a much better scholar than George, and being the younger, had greater opportunities of improving himself. George possessed a strong physical frame, a determined will, and was generally in quest of fun. These qualities, added to a dislike for study, prevented him from making much progress in education, especially as he had to work on the farm in summer, and only had the winter months to go to school. David had a weaker constitution, a more thoughtful disposition, and a love for study.

With these advantages David became a superior scholar. Brothers will have differences of opinion, and the McDougall brothers, exhibiting different dispositions, drifted into the apparently inevitable position of being engaged in a quarrel. The father told George that he would punish him. Dreading the father's punishment, and too proud of spirit to ask forgiveness, he ran away from home. He went to a farmer one mile distant from his home, and engaged with him for one year. During the whole of his engagement he did not once visit his home, but with that magnanimity of soul that ever characterized him through life, no sooner was his year's work finished than he started to throw himself into the embraces of his faithful friends. Though only fourteen years of age at this time, he did not spend a cent of his wages, but took them home when he returned, and handed at once all that he had earned to his devoted parents. There was joy in that household over the prodigal's return. The penitence, devotion and manliness, that were shown on this occasion, enlarged with his growth until they were fully developed upon the boundless prairies of the Great North-West.

The summer months were spent by the two brothers in farming and trapping, and in winter they continued to walk long distances to obtain the mental preparation necessary for acquiring success in life.

CHAPTER II.

YOUTH AND EARLY MANHOOD.

THE absence of the brave and merry youth had been keenly felt, but when again the family was united joy reigned supreme. These early years were pregnant with conflicting influences which might have proved serious in retarding the progress of the work amongst the Indians, by the withdrawal of this individual life from engendering in the great contest against heathenism. Early associa-

tions make lasting impressions upon the mind, and such was the power of companionship, that evil results would have followed, marrying a noble life, had not exemplified piety, at home, counteracted this influence and pointed to a higher destiny, in practising virtue and seeking truth. While the youthful spirit of GEORGE McDUGALL was being agitated by the persuasive voices of good and evil, the country was in a state of unrest, through the exciting controversy on the question of the Clergy Reserve, and the cropping out of strong republican sentiments among a few politicians of that time. In 1833 the late Rev. Egerton Ryerson, LL. D., visited England as a delegate from the conference of the Methodist denomination, in Canada, to secure union with the British Methodists. He carried with him a petition to the King, signed by more than twenty thousand persons, protesting against the establishment of a state church in the country, and the appropriation of the Clergy Reserve lands by a single denomination much inferior numerically than other churches then existing in Canada. The demands of this petition were delayed for several years by the crafty tactics of some politicians in the Upper Canada Assembly, but ultimately the rights of truth and justice prevailed. In 1835 this eminent minister again visited England to secure a charter and funds for an institution of learning, now well known as Victoria University. During his residence there for one year and a half, he learned that the English people had conceived wrong ideas concerning the loyalty of the Canadians, through the republican and revolutionary opinions expressed by Messrs. John Henry Papineau and William Lyon McKenzie, supported by their representatives in Britain. In a series of six letters to the *Times*, Dr. Ryerson ably advocated the cause of the Canadian people, proving their loyalty to the British crown, and their non-commitment to these separatist views of revolutionary politicians. These letters were reprinted and widely scattered with very beneficial results. The rebellion that followed in Upper Canada, under the leadership of William Lyon McKenzie, was speedily checked through the prompt measures taken by the loyal majority of the people.

It was during the exciting times of these few years that GEORGE McDUGALL, then sixteen years of age, joined the *Royal Foresters* in which he served nearly five months, receiving his discharge on May, 12, 1838. He was then residing in the Township of Flos. Previous to enlisting in the militia, he and his brother had become members of a temperance society. The

grave deportment and serious disposition of David proved to be safeguards against the temptations of youth, which were more difficult for the susceptible nature of GEORGE to overcome. The two brothers had been successful in their trapping expeditions and it was thought advisable that the younger should accompany the elder on his way to join his regiment, and after disposing of the furs return home. While on their journey several of GEORGE's old militia associates met him, and his buoyancy of spirit caused him to yield to the entreaties of his comrades and break his pledge, while David boldly answered the persuasions of his friends by saying, "No! I belong to a Teetotal Society." Amid the many and peculiar temptations of military life, the youthful spirit of the future missionary was too proud to stoop to vice and too noble to submit to be conquered by the evil geniuses of sinful habits and wordly strife. Without the guiding influence of the Holy spirit, however, there is lacking in the heart of every young man the inspiration that will lead to noble actions and ultimately to an honored life. Golden opportunities are met by everyone in life, but too often are passed by, still there are favorable circumstances that come to all, apparently to us, presenting irresistible impulses that launch the soul into the ocean of Divine goodness and life. One of these peculiar seasons was near at hand, to direct the wandering heart of GEORGE McDOUGALL to the resting place at Calvary. A field-meeting was held by a local preacher named Peter White, which was attended by the young farmer and trapper, who, under the preaching of this man of God, was convinced of sin. Returning home in the evening, he entered his room to pray, but felt afraid. Three times he went in only to be repulsed by the terror that was in his heart. His mother observing his strange manner, enquired the reason for his peculiar actions and received a reply given with characteristic boldness, revealing the state of his mind, and his intense desire for salvation. Rejoicing as only a Christian mother can, she bowed with him at a throne of grace, and besought pardon and peace for her penitent son. A short time afterward at a centenary celebration, held in Barrie, he was enabled to rejoice in a knowledge of sins forgiven, and from that period began a life of intense energy and untiring zeal, devoted to the interests of humanity, but especially to the benighted red men of forest and plain. Truly characteristic of his whole life was his entrance upon the field of Christian toil.

One week after his conversion he led a prayer meeting, and the first hymn he gave out, was the one commencing—

"Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The spirit's course, in me restrain."

His soul now burned with a zeal that was intense in seeking to do good to the souls of men. Having tasted of the good fruits of the kingdom of God, he longed to tell others of the rich blessings that were in store for them. He sought out opportunities of doing good. When the new-born soul obeys implicitly the teaching of the Holy Spirit, a life of earnest Christian activity is the result. The soul of this youthful disciple had been touched, and he must needs seek out the lonely wayfarer to tell him of the tender sympathies of the Man of Nazareth. This zeal found expression in noble actions rather than in words. Regular religious services having been begun in the McDOUGALL home by the Rev. Thomas McMullen, GEORGE proved himself to be a willing helper in all matters pertaining to the Salvation of men's souls.

Wherever he could increase men's interest in the work of God he was found ready to add his influence to ensure success. Thus he became an earnest advocate of temperance and fully exemplified its principles in his daily life. The turning point in life having been reached and his mind fully directed toward a career of active usefulness, it became necessary for him to mark out a path for himself and await not the help of others to supply his need or point where duty called.

The two brothers had arrived at an age when they must bid adieu to the old homestead, and begin the struggle for existence in a world of hope and fear.

They took up a farm and labored together, and now that their connection with the home of their childhood was partially severed, GEORGE was seldom with those he loved. The stern duty of earning an honest crust of bread is so inevitable, that it causes the tenderest memories of childhood to fade through a compulsory residence amongst strangers whose bitter words severely pierce the heart. Honest industry, therefore, prevented the elder brother from dwelling with his parents and making the household merry with his joyous shout.

The spiritual power that now rested upon him, awakened the dormant faculties of his nature and his intellectual self cried for nourishment. Conversion proved to be an incentive to his mind. He became a miser of time and imbibed earnest views of life. His intellectual and spiritual nature developed rapidly.

At once he became an avaricious reader. Every spare moment found him poring over his books. Night and day he increased his knowledge.

So fully did he realize the necessity of securing an education, and so enthusiastic did he become as a student that oftentimes were his business hours encroached upon in order to hold converse with the spirits of the past, who had left their impress upon the speaking page. The time thus spent in earnest study was productive of good results. Mental strength, enlarged acquaintance with literature, grander ideas concerning God and man, inspiration for future toil, refined tastes and subject-matter for exercising his native eloquence, are some of the benefits accruing from the intense love of study that took possession of his soul.

Determined to make up for the lack of educational advantages in early years, he set about providing the very best remedy for removing the evils arising from this defect, and that lay in a course of self education. He began this course with energy, and his improvement became apparent, as he gathered wisdom from all sources, and treasured every germ of knowledge, conscious of its latent power.

CHAPTER III.

MISSIONARY PREPARATION.

THE first efforts of the great workers in life have oftentimes been so very feeble, that to mortal eyes they have been total failures.

Christian people have been led astray by false impressions and despised those whom God has chosen. Deeper into these nature's than men can see has God looked, and from the dross of life has he taken these treasures and reserved them for himself. These workers are prepared by the polishing processes of God's providence. Vacancies are filled, but not by them, and new paths are opened for them, hitherto untrodden by men. Livingstone wished to go to China, but God reserved him for Africa.

GEORGE McDUGALL was one of the divine chosen ones, whose life was moulded for his great mission among the children of sorrow in the Canadian wilds. Life on the farm, trading on the lakes, sojourning with Indians and mingling with men of intelligence and sterling piety, all combined to develop a noble manhood, well fitted for enduring the hardships of a pioneer's life and giving inspiration amid arduous toil. Much of his education was gained from men rather than books. Naturally

shrewd and observant, he cultivated the habit of studying mankind, so that he soon acquired a very extensive knowledge of human nature. Just at the time when he began to think and act for himself, he was thrown amongst a class of people noted for their intelligence, desire for information, and genuine good sense. Contact with other minds gave zest to his intellectual appetite and strength was given to his reasoning and conversational powers.

Farm life taught him the use of tools which enabled him in his missionary work to build mission premises with little or no expense to the missionary society. Manual labor in early life placed a power in his hands which was well employed in teaching the Indians to become self-supporting.

Trading with the Indians gave him an insight into Indian character and supplied the means for acquiring a slight knowledge of the Indian language by which he could engage in conversation with the natives of the country, although in his work of preaching the gospel, he was never able to dispense entirely with the services of an interpreter. The ingenuity and enterprise of the former Indian trader were often tested in sailing the rivers of the North-West and in being equal to any emergency in the many break-downs consequent upon travelling over the prairie.

God was undoubtedly preparing our subject for an earnest and successful career as a missionary of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

On January 10, 1842, he was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Chantler. She had come to reside with her brother, who had erected a mill and began business operations near Barrie.

Miss Chantler was a birth right member of the Society of Friends, but that she might enjoy the privileges of religion, she cast in her lot with the Methodist people. At a watch-night service conducted by the Rev. Thomas McMullen at Barrie in 1840-41, she became fully impressed that it was her duty to engage in Christian labor with the people of God and not to wait until a sufficient number of members of the Society of Friends should form a congregation. Having had instilled into her mind from childhood holy principles, which became intensified by her relations with the Methodist people, she threw herself at once among the Christian laborers who rejoiced at her devotion and were quickened by her enthusiasm in working for God. Such an helpmeet could not but influence the life of GEORGE McDUGALL for good. For some time after their marriage they lived on a farm, where now is

located the Owen Sound cemetery. Farm life was ultimately given up when a partnership was entered into with Messrs. Frost and Neelands of Owen Sound. Our subject had felt impressed for a long time that it was his duty to give himself up as a missionary for the Indian work, and intended saving enough funds to enable him to secure an education preparatory to his entrance upon his life-work. Mr. Neelands strongly persuaded him to go into business and after due deliberation he yielded, still he felt that he was not in the sphere in which the Great Master would have him work. To him was allotted the trading department which included the sailing of a schooner upon the lakes and the visiting of various bands of Indians.

A schooner called "Indian Prince" was built and the religious captain carried to the Chippewas food for body and soul.

Inheriting the natural tendencies of a sailor and being trained for a time in the toils and pleasures of this class of men, it is to be expected that he would become expert in the management of a small craft upon our northern lakes.

Mr. Frost having gone out of the firm, Messrs. Neelands and McDougall sold the Indian Prince and bought the "*Sydenham*." In this vessel he sailed in the Georgian Bay, Lakes Huron, Erie and Michigan, going as far as Detroit and Cleveland.

During these trips and in his business relations with the Indians he became a practical hunter. The ability thus acquired was very much needed, when in the happy days of halfbreeds and buffalo, the missionary had oftentimes to rely upon his gun for supplying himself and party with the necessities of life as they traveled over the boundless prairie without seeing a solitary habitation for hundreds of miles.

He learned much concerning the Indians when trading with them. As the great work of his life was to be performed amongst the aborigines of Canada he could not have been placed in a better training school than that of experience. Having much to do with them in these early years enabled him to study their habits, modes of thought, social customs and religious ideas and to utilize the knowledge thus gained in his missionary work. As he associated with them and witnessed their greatest needs, he could devise means for assisting them, many of which methods would take years of study before reaching perfection. His mind became assimilated to that of the Indian, never, however, to modify his religious principles to suit their tastes, but to seek by sterling integrity to raise their minds to a higher

plane of thought. His future plans of action were, no doubt, unfolded to him in these years of toil. His ideas on Indian matters enlarged with his experience, but the germ was implanted in his mind during his business relations with them.

The religious enthusiasm that was burning intensely within his soul found expression in the formulating of individual rules for holy living. He determined by the help of God to rise daily at five a.m., to begin the day with prayer, to memorize a passage of scripture that his mind might be fully employed throughout the day and to aim in all things to glorify God.

His task for self-improvement consisted in a systematic study of English grammar, the enlargement of his knowledge of English literature and of the Indian language.

His zeal for doing good was intense. He became President of a Temperance Society and was appointed to the office of Class-leader.

On the temperance platform he strongly advocated the claims of total abstinence upon all classes, but especially asserted that it was the duty of Christians to throw their influence with the temperance party. All through his life he was an inveterate enemy of the liquor traffic. Boldly he stood up in defence of the Indians in this matter by exposing the tricks of unprincipled men in selling liquor to them, and the moral courage displayed at this time increased with his experience and as the dangers of his situation were multiplied. In public and private he unflinchingly gave his testimony against the sale and use of intoxicating drink.

His piety was masculine and energetic. He discovered paths of usefulness or made them. On his trading visits to the Indian camps, he labored earnestly for the salvation of the souls of his red brethren, and also for their physical, mental, moral and social welfare.

Religion and business went hand in hand aiding each other. Whilst speaking of the value of his goods, he forgot not to tell his friends of the pearl of great price.

He preached the gospel by precept and example. The culture of the heart became his first duty. His life was a continual "dare to do right." These manifestations of zeal were developing his talents for a wider and more important field of toil. Upon the dissolution of the partnership of the firm of Neelands and McDougall, he removed with his family to the Indian village of Newash, now called Brooke, where he spent the winter and following summer collecting the outstanding debts of the late firm. Now that he was free from the

cares of business, the higher responsibilities of his spiritual nature weighed upon his mind, demanding an answer to the great question of giving his life to the work of saving the souls of men.

The husband and wife talked the matter over prayerfully and earnestly and they both felt impressed that duty demanded that their united lives should be offered as sacrifices for the spiritual restoration of the Indians of mountain, forest and plain. Uppermost in their minds rose the matter of education. Funds were low, the family must be supported, but an education also must be obtained. To college then he determined to go. In order to secure the financial help necessary, he went the following autumn to the fishing grounds at Horse Island, near Manitoulin. There he toiled hard and made money sufficient to enable him to go to Cobourg, where he became a student in Victoria College. Two weeks before he returned from the fishery the first great sorrow fell upon the household, that was in after years to have its cup filled to the brim. The babe of the household, aged thirteen months, Moses, their third child, in the father's absence sickened and died, and was buried in the Newash burying ground.

The fishing being over, preparation was made to bid adieu to commercial life and to enter on his great missionary enterprise.

Before the departure of the missionary family a letter of removal was given by the Rev. James Hutchinson at Owen Sound.

In this he stated that for several years Mr. and Mrs. McDougall had been "pious and faithful members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church," that brother McDougall had "abilities which if properly cultivated and exercised will qualify him for considerable usefulness in the church of God, especially in the Indian department of it, inasmuch as he has acquired an acquaintance with the Indian language."

Mr. and Mrs. McDougall went to Cobourg alone, leaving their eldest son, John, with Mrs. Cathay, a highly respected friend, that he might attend school, and David found a home with his aunt. The Rev. Dr. McNabb was President of the University and during this year resigned that position.

Whilst pursuing his studies, George McDougall paid special attention to the department of homiletics, and sought continually to exercise his gifts in doing good. The Rev. John Bredin was minister on the Cobourg circuit and on the circuit plan for 1849 there were eight appointments

with a worthy host of local preachers amongst whom were Conrad Vandusen and George McDougall. The year 1849 was spent in enthusiastic study at the college, and such was the success that resulted from his toil, that he began his career as missionary assistant to the venerable Elder Case at Alderville. The impetus given through his residence in Cobourg enabled him throughout his life to glean in his leisure moments which were few through the fields of literature and derive profit and pleasure in the pursuit of knowledge. He bade adieu to the classic shades of "Old Vic" and went forth to his work, inspired by that same heroic spirit that animated Champlain and impelled him to say "The salvation of one soul is of more value than the conquest of an empire."

CHAPTER IV

ALDERVILLE.

IN various parts of the Province of Ontario there resided bands of the Mississaugah Indians. War and whiskey had done much to degrade them, and many of the most influential men had passed away. Their religious ideas were similar to those of other Indians, most notably at the present time, the three tribes of the important Black-foot Confederacy.

American Indian theology presented a Great Spirit, a large number of lesser divinities, as the sun, mountains, rivers and trees, sacrificial offerings to the sun, and an immortal life.

There was a sensual heaven, where the Indians' love for hunting would be fully gratified. This heaven was different from that of the white man. As no special revelation had been made for the Indian, he concluded that the Christian religion was not for him, and that the Great Father had intended a different course through life and a separate heaven for the Indian and white man.

Through the labors of Seth Crawford, Alvin Torey and others, many of the Ojibway Indians had been converted, amongst whom were Peter Jones and John Sunday.

When the Indians had become partakers of the grace of God they earnestly desired to learn the "ways of the white man" and enjoy the benefits of civilized life.

They were therefore anxious to give up their wandering habits and settle down to agricultural pursuits. Some of the Ojibways in the Bay of Quinte leased Grape Island and in a short time began to reap the results of their labors.

The Rev. Wm. Case, the Father of Indian Missions in Canada, with Peter Jones

visited the Grape Island Indians and carried on a successful mission amongst them. Mr. Case visited the United States in the interests of the Indians, and on his return brought with him two ladies to instruct the Indian women in sewing and domestic duties.

A small book of twelve hymns translated into the Chippewa tongue was printed and used by the people in their worship with much delight. The school progressed favorably, the rude wigwams soon gave place to comfortable log dwellings and the interior of these was made light and cleanly, so that the people were happy.

The men were taught farming.

They learned to make axe handles, shovels, ladles, trays, and brooms.

It was deemed advisable for the Indians to leave Grape Island owing to the increase and proximity of the white population. Through an arrangement with the Government they placed their lands in the hands of the authorities to be sold, their value to be put into a fund and the interest to be given annually to the members of the band.

A reserve of nearly four thousand acres was selected in the Township of Alnwick in the county of Northumberland, and almost at the head of Rice Lake. A Council Hall, church and several cottages were built by Government, and to that place the Indians were transferred. The Indians went there in 1836-7, and the new mission was named Alderville, after one of the secretaries of the missionary Society, the Rev. Dr Alder.

The Rev. Wm Case was appointed missionary, and at once he began to develop his methods for helping the people he loved. An Indian Industrial School was organized chiefly for Indian girls in which they were taught the various subjects common in day schools, to which were added sewing, knitting, cheese and butter making. These girls were sent from Indian missions throughout the country, and being separated from the associations of their childhood learned rapidly these branches of industry. Mr. Case was a man of intense enthusiasm in all matters related to the elevation of the Indians. In his old age he wrote "Oh if I were again young, I would be delighted in the work of preaching to people who had never heard the Gospel." He was ever on the alert to enlist the sympathies of people on behalf of the Indian work, and to secure the services of men and women well adapted to lead the Indian mind to a higher plane of usefulness.

When Peter Jones was converted at the Ancaster camp meeting in 1823, Mr. Case cried out, "Glory to God! there

stands a son of Augustus Jones, of the Grand River, amongst the converts. Now is the door opened for the work of conversion among his nation!" Mr. Case found out George McDougall and beheld in him the qualities necessary for becoming a successful missionary.

At the Conference of 1850 the college student was "received on trial" and appointed as a assistant to the Apostle of Canadian Indian missions at Alderville. Several months previous to his reception by the Conference had been spent on this mission, and such had been the impressions made upon the venerable missionary that despite the objections of some against receiving married men into the ministry, his influence secured him a place among probationers.

George McDougall began his year of probation determined to profit by his position and to do good. While at Victoria College he had done a large amount of historical reading apart from his studies in connection with his classes. Important facts gleaned in his reading he jotted down in a commonplace book for future reference. During his residence at Alderville he continued this method. Choice passages and suggestive thoughts found in his general reading were also preserved by this method, and thus did he lay by in store for his work, helps toward inspiration in moments of despondency. His hours for study were few, but he was able in the spare moments to gather "Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." As he sailed from port to port in his schooner during his trading career, he was accustomed to keep a record of the important events of these trips upon the lakes, and when the sailor became transformed into the missionary, he scanned the missionary literature of his day, and utilized the facts and anecdotes in his public and private work. These items of missionary intelligence in after years were delivered in a new dress, and fairly glistened with beauty, when enraptured thousands heard them at the missionary meetings, as they were exemplified and received additional illustration from the intensely earnest life of the speaker himself. Having fully entered upon the work of an Indian missionary, he resolved to spend three hours daily in the study of the Chippewa language.

This resolution was faithfully kept, until the increasing responsibilities of the work compelled him to lay aside for a more suitable time these studies in the language and literature of the Indians. That period never came, as he ever carried on his shoulders more than his share of care and toil.

Only occasionally was he permitted to enlarge his Indian vocabulary by short periods of study, as his life was chiefly spent in beginning new missions amongst half-breeds and Indians.

His work as assistant at Alderville necessitated the supervision of the Industrial School in Mr Case's absence, and the general affairs of the mission. His time was fully occupied with preaching, the pastoral care of the Indians, keeping the accounts of the mission, attending to the wants of the school, exclusive of the teacher's duties and various other matters known only to those initiated into the mysteries of an Indian missionary's life. Often times he preached the Word of Life to the people in the surrounding circuits, and though adding much to his work, cheerfully he performed it, sustained by a good constitution and the grace of God.

As he faithfully toiled for the salvation of men, he ceased not to enquire earnestly after the true culture of the heart. By fasting and prayer he sought to develop his spiritual nature and gain a deeper insight into the ways of God. Full well he knew that no missionary could be successful as a soul-winner who neglected the cultivation of his own soul and he determined to use the Divine means for getting, and doing good.

Such was the manifest progress made by him in the development of his talents, and so great the success attending his labours, that he was deemed a fit and proper person to go out unaided to win the red men for Christ and his religion.

The Alnwick Seminary at Alderville, where he had been engaged as assistant missionary was a large building, three stories high, sixty three long by forty four feet wide, having sixteen rooms above the basement, well heated and ventilated.

William Case, was missionary and Superintendent of the Seminary, George McDougall assistant Missionary, and John Cathey master of the School.

These three earnest men had toiled faithfully together for the elevation of the Indian youth, and not the least important part of the work had been the training of missionaries for missionary work upon the Indian Reserver—George McDougall's apprenticeship had practically come to an end. Upon the 8th of July 1851 he bade farewell to his dusky friends at Alderville, and started on his journey for his new mission field.

CHAPTER V.

GARDEN RIVER.

DURING the days of Evans and Hurlburt, the Indians living in the vicinity of Lake Huron had become the subjects of the prayers of the missionaries: Little had been done for them, save some visits paid by Peter Jones (Kahkewayquonaby), John Sunday (Shawandais), and Thomas Hurlburt (Sauhgonash), but these had been of short duration, and although little could have been expected, lasting impressions were made upon the hearts of many of the red men.

The Conference of 1851, being fully aroused to the needs of the Indians, and sensible of the responsibility resting upon the Church to carry the Gospel to the heathen, instructed George McDougall to establish a mission among the Indians of the Lake Huron region locating at some suitable place. Obedient to the command, he left his family and friends and proceeded to his mission field, followed by the prayers of God's people. Impressed with the importance of the work assigned to him he sought help at the throne of grace, and went forth trusting in the protecting and guiding power of the Father of all. Preaching and making explorations as he travelled he finally reached Garden River, where he called the Indian Council together, setting before the Indian chiefs, the benefits of religion and their duty as leaders of the people. He agreed to become the missionary to the Indians at Garden River and shortly after proceeded to Owen Sound for his family, returning with them, without any delay. Their reception was anything but pleasant, nearly the whole of the population being frenzied with liquor, and great was the fear which fell upon the mission family. "Never despair" was the motto of the intrepid missionary, and at once he repaired to the bush, cut logs, prepared all the necessary material, and speedily erected a large mission house, and school house. The mission house was nineteen feet wide and twenty seven feet long, with a kitchen added, fourteen feet wide and twenty feet long.

There were residing at Garden River two hundred and eighty Indians, with one band fifteen miles distant on Lake Superior; and another, twelve miles distant at the foot of Lake George. There were other tribes of Indians along the North Shore, so that the mission became a centre of missionary effort and consequently the choice of the location was an excellent one.

Within two years a great change had taken place among the people. Several notable persons were converted, the

Council-appointed ten Indians to act as constables, who should seize and spill any liquor brought into the village, temperance principles spread rapidly, inasmuch that the prevalent dissipation soon disappeared, and instead peace, harmony and sobriety reigned. A chapel was built through the help of the Indians, the children were taught in the school, some of them being able to read the Scriptures and sing very sweetly the hymns in their own language. Thirty members were received on trial, one young man died triumphant in the faith of the Gospel, and many expressions of love for the truth had been given. About forty dollars had been subscribed by the young converts toward the funds of the missionary Society. Rapid had the progress been in temporal and spiritual things and the hearts of the mission family were filled with gratitude. Having strong faith in the civilizing influence of christianity, the missionary prepared fields and taught the Indians by precept and example how to become self-supporting. Amongst all the Indian tribes where liquors were easily obtained intemperance prevailed, smiting the people as with a scourge, demoralizing them as a foul monster of sin, and promoting disease and death. In the old whiskey trading days in Manitoba and the North West Territories, the Indians repaired to the forts and trading posts to barter for goods, where for a short time the formalities of savage life were strictly adhered to, but these were quickly dispensed with when whiskey and rum were given to the red men, and then the midnight air resounded with hideous howls of debauched men and women, and the scenes witnessed were too foul for language to describe.

The Garden River Indians were not any exception to the rule. Men, women and children drank freely and the inevitable consequences followed of immorality and death. Mothers maltreated their offspring or forsook them, so that death followed, and young and old men in their continuous carousals fell into the camps and were either crippled for life, or burned to death.

The missionary became fully persuaded that something must be done and that right speedily for the salvation of the people. Meetings were held and Councils called for the purpose of enlisting the support of the chief men and inculcating temperance principles among the people. Temperance lectures were given, Societies formed, young and old pledged to total abstinence, and the support of Government officials sought to make the Indian Temperance movement a success. Great was

the success of the enterprise, but of greater importance was the declaration of the principles of Gospel Temperance. Faith in Christ became more potent than faith in an organization or in any set of principles. Christ was revealed to them as the Saviour of the body, as well as the soul, and Gospel temperance became an established fact.

A monotonous life is that of the Indian upon a reserve, tending to develop a spirit of laziness and dependence. The advent of the white man destroys their former habits of living and consequently help must be given in the native transition state.

The missionary at Garden River found many of the boys and young men growing up in ignorance and idleness, a condition of affairs tending to produce crime and materially retard the progress of missionary work among the Indians. He longed therefore for a Manual Labor School such as had been established at Alderville. There was in contemplation the erection of such an institution at Owen Sound. George McDougall desired greatly that this should be fully realized. There is not the least doubt that had such an institution at that time been built and the young men and boys belonging to the Northern and western tribes drafted there, the civilizing of these natives of Canada would have been more speedily accomplished. But there was no use of repining and it was only needlessly spending energy and time to wait listlessly for such an institution, so the indefatigable missionary with the assistance of Mr. Daggs the school-teacher, taught the children in the school and gathered the young men in the evening for a "night school" where they were instructed.

The Indians manifested a spirit of loyalty to their teachers and faithfulness to the Great Master of Life, Jesus Christ. Several of them died rejoicing in the faith of the Gospel and these had been rescued from the depths of heathenish superstition and vice. Some who had listened to the truths of divine revelation and had yielded their hearts to Christ, were strangers to the camps which the missionaries visited, yet in the pagan camps they retained their faith, and in their last hours they sought not the incantations of the medicine men, but went home to God "washed in the blood of the Lamb."

An English Church clergyman called to visit two Indians at the point of death, during the cholera plague among the Indians around Lake Superior, found them rejoicing in the hope of immortality. Upon enquiry he learned that several years previous, they had listened to the preaching of the Gospel and had been baptized

by the Rev. Thomas Hurlburt, and after years of temptation they were still trusting in God, faithful even unto death.

A similar circumstance has come to light in later days through the labors of the Rev. Silas Huntingdon, who while travelling over his district in 1886, found a band of Indians near Chapleau, a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway on the shores of Lake Superior, concerning whom he writes: "The Hudson Bay Company has an important post established at this point, in connection with which I have found a band of Indians, numbering seventy-two souls, who were converted from paganism at Michipicoton over twenty years ago under the labors of the late Rev. George McDougall. They claim to be Methodists and through all these years, although separated from the body of their tribe, they have kept their faith, and maintained their religious worship without the aid of a missionary. The testimony of Mr. Black, the Hudson Bay Company's officer, on their behalf was given in these words: 'These Indians are a godly people. I often attend their services, and find their prayers and addresses fervent and intelligent, and they have not been corrupted by the vices of the white men.'

Persistent efforts have been made by bigoted ecclesiastics to seduce them from their allegiance to Christ, but hitherto they have resisted all such overtures. I baptised five of their children and promised to do what I could to obtain a teacher for them."

More than thirty years previous to this visit of Mr. Huntingdon's, George McDougall had gone amongst these Indians preaching Christ, and for a time the people rejected the truth, but when the chief had lost two of his children, and heard for the first time the doctrine of the resurrection, he became submissive and yielded his heart and life to God. Faithful all through these years have these people remained to the truth, an example worthy of admiration, and one destined to remain in our recollection as a notable illustration of devotion to the cause of Christ.

About forty miles above Sault Ste. Marie, the Methodists of the United States had a flourishing mission among the Indians, and an excellent boarding school so efficiently conducted and successful, that the missionary of Garden River eagerly desired the funds necessary to carry on a similar enterprise.

During the six years spent at Garden River, the education of the young and the methods adopted for civilizing the people were the chief objects of the mis-


sionary's care. Earnest labor won the hearts of the natives from their heathen orgies and immoral practices, implanting love in their hearts, and arousing them with the hope of better things. Gratitude arose in the hearts of the people toward their Christian benefactor, which was expressed in their changed attitude toward him and the Gospel, and became a source of blessing to all. In the council one of the chiefs named Ogestah made a very effective speech, thanking the missionary for his kindness and devotion, and urging the Missionary Society to establish an Indian Industrial School among the Garden River Indians, so that the children might be educated and taught to work. Ogestah, and Pahahbetahung, another chief of the same tribe of Indians, in a letter to the missionary, sent, subsequently to the speech, expressed their love for the Gospel, appreciating highly the benefits which had resulted from its acceptance, and rejoicing in the fact that the fire-water had now no power over them. Peace and harmony reigned in the camps, where formerly drunkenness and even cannibalism were prevalent. The Rev. Dr. Sanderson visited the Indians and was greatly surprised at the rapid improvement made in material things, and abundantly satisfied with the manifestations of piety and the earnest lives of the people.

One source of great spiritual enjoyment amongst the natives was the camp meeting—ministering to the emotional part of their nature, for it is a singular fact, that although in their savage state, they are trained to suppress their emotions, there are none more excitable in religious services when the Gospel has touched their hearts.

Filled with love to God, they abandoned all pretensions to piety, and sought in simplicity and sincerity to do the will of God.

CHAPTER VI.

RAMA.

 ON the 12th day of August, 1857, a letter was sent by the Rev. Enoch Wood, D.D., Superintendent of Methodist Missions, to George McDougall, instructing him to proceed to Rama as missionary to the Indians located there. With the characteristic loyalty of his race, the missionary left, not without feelings of regret, his Garden River Indians, and proceeded to his new field of toil. In this land of the lakes, he trod upon ground made classic by its Indian lore, venerated by the student of Canadian history, because of the martyrs' blood

which had stained the sod.

Between Lakes Simcoe and Huron were the villages of the gentle Huron and warlike Iroquois, inhabited by not less than twenty thousand Indians.

There was St. Joseph or Ihonatiria located on a point running out into Lake Huron, on the west entrance to Penetanguishene Bay.

The Indian village of St. John the Baptist, called also Cahiaque or Contaraca, was the frontier town of the Hurons on the east, situated north of Lake Simcoe or Ouentaron, near Orillia, in which abode nearly two thousand Indians. From this village Champlain advanced to attack the Iroquois in their own country.

Upon the right bank of the River Wye, east of Penetanguishene, there was erected a fort by the Jesuit missionaries in 1639, which they named St. Mary. It was surrounded by stone walls, contained a chapel, mission house, wherein resided the missionaries and the French people, and store houses for provisions. Outside of the fort was a small garden, a Christian Indian cemetery, and an enclosure well protected, which was used as an hospital for the sick, and a resting place for travellers. Upon the West coast of Hogg's Bay, on one of the rivers running into it, there was a village called St. Louis, where in 1649 Brebeuf and Lalemant were captured by the Iroquois, and in the village of St. Ignatius, distant about two and a half miles, they were put to death, under the most cruel tortures, by their captors. In the very heart of the Indian country, where Champlain and his allies attacked their enemies, where missionary enthusiasm dared to visit the Indian camps to tell the story of the cross, and brave men died for the love of Christ and human souls, are found the remains of the ancient lords of Canada, the natives of our Dominion. In the County of Simcoe, from Barrie and Orillia on the east, northward and westward, the Huron Ossuaries are still discovered. Native relics and articles of French manufacture are turned up, and anon we read the story of toil and triumph, of deeds of daring and thrilling adventure enacted among a dominant race of red men who inhabited this region nearly three hundred years ago. It is a sad, sad story, these treasures of the dead are ever relating to us, and one which we can never forget.

Upon such sacred soil, baptized with blood, in the Village of Rama, the Protestant missionary McDougall began his work in 1857. Two hundred years before that time the Roman Catholic missionaries had suffered the martyr's fate, and

such men as the missionary Isaac Jogues had endured great tribulations. After the lapse of years, when the Huron and Iroquois had forever departed, George McDougall taught the Ojibways of Rama the way of the cross. Time has surely dealt very severely with these sons of the forest, and we would fain confess that we have caught the falling tear, and our hearts have beat fast when thinking of the sad fate of these plumed warriors of former days. Charles Sangster fitly expresses our feelings when musing upon this sacred theme:

"My footsteps press where, centuries ago,

The Red Men fought and conquered; lost and won,

Whole tribes and races, gone like last year's snow,

Have found the Eternal Hunting-Grounds, and run

The fiery gauntlet of their active days, Till few are left to tell the mournful tale; And these inspire us with such wild amaze

They seem like spectres passing down a vale

Steep'd in uncertain moonlight, on their way

Towards some bourn where darkness blinds the day.

And night is wrapped in mystery profound.

We cannot lift the mantle of the past; We seem to wander over hallow'd ground; We scan the trail of Thought, but all is overcast.

There was a Time—and that is all we know.

No record lives of their ensanguin'd deeds; The past seems palsied with some giant blow,

And grows the more obscure on what it feeds,

A rotted fragment of a human leaf; A few stray skulls; a heap of human bones!

These are the records—the traditions brief—

'Twere easier far to read the speechless stones.

The fierce Ojibways, with tornado force, Striking white terror to the hearts of braves!

The mighty Hurons, rolling on their course,

Compact and steady as the ocean waves! The fiery Iroquois, a warrior host!

Who were they? whence? and why? no human tongue can boast!"

A mission to the Ojibway Indians had been organized in 1845, by the Rev. Wm. Heckimer, upon an Indian Reserve in the

township of Rama, on the eastern shore of Lake Couchiching, in the County of Ontario. The work had been successful, the return of membership for 1846 being one hundred and twenty-six, the largest number ever reported in the history of the mission.

The Garden River missionary, transferred to this new field, entered upon his duties with enthusiasm. The influence of the white men had become injurious to the welfare of the Indians, and stringent measures had to be adopted for suppressing drunkenness and crime. By faithful dealing, many were reclaimed from the paths of vice, and constrained to live devotedly to God.

On June 13th, 1859, George McDougall was appointed to the office of Local Superintendent of the Townships of Mara and Rama by the County Council. Ever anxious to do good, he did not confine his labors to the Indians, nor to that which is strictly called sacred. In many ways, and at all times he labored for the weal of the red and white races, ever striving to inculcate right principles and lead them in the path of peace and fortune. In a great measure he was successful, and there was cause for rejoicing, through being favored with striking evidences of material and spiritual prosperity among the people.

On October 28th, 1859, he was invited to Toronto to attend missionary meetings, and the untrained eloquence of the missionary won all hearts, greatly extending his influence, increasing the missionary revenue, and deepening the interest of the people in the new phase of life. The foundations laid among the Ojibways of Rama have remained sound, and the successors of McDougall have been faithful men, who have sought the Indians' welfare irrespective of threats of censure or promises of reward. In 1874 a vice-regal visit was paid to the mission station, and after that period during the incumbency of the devoted Thomas Woolsey, several notable visitors sought health and knowledge upon the eastern shores of Lake Couchiching. The late Senator John Macdonald, of Toronto, received the Indian cognomen of *Wah-sa-ge-shig*, which means *Bright Day*, from the chief men of Rama, during a visit made to the Indians.

CHAPTER VII.

NORWAY HOUSE.

IN the month of June, 1860, George McDougall was appointed to the far distant mission at Norway House, in the Hudson's Bay Territory,

with the position of Chairman of the District, including Rossville, Oxford House, Edmonton, White Fish Lake, Lac-La-Plume, and other mission stations. In those early years the authorities of the missionary societies believed in extensive districts and missions giving full scope for the energy and talents of the faithful missionary. A short time sufficed to make all necessary arrangements for the journey, and with a hasty farewell, followed by the prayers and good-wishes of Christian friends, the missionary and his family embarked at Collingwood on an American steam boat for Milwaukee, then by rail to La Crosse, where they engaged passage for transportation up the Mississippi to St. Paul. By overland route they reached the Red River, and placing their tent and all earthly possessions on a barge, by dint of severe work, for eight days and nights at the oars, they landed at Fort Garry, the present capital of Manitoba. Such was the prospects at that time, and so great the spirit of progress manifested by the settlers, that the missionary was more than delighted with what he saw, predicting that "the day is not distant when the limitless prairies which environ the banks of the Assiniboine will rank amongst the finest wheat-growing countries of British North America." Leaving Winnipeg (Fort Garry) they proceeded by boat to Norway House, Governor McTavish, of the Hudson's Bay Company, kindly assisting them, and after ten days' journey they reached their destination. Home at last! Although far from their kindred, surrounded by thousands of Indians, deprived of many luxuries, and subjected to many inconveniences, they rejoiced that the end of the journey was gained, and that before them lay fields of usefulness wherein they might labor, and glorify God.

Norway House was one of the chief depots of the Hudson's Bay Company, situated at the north end of Lake Winnipeg, nearly four hundred miles north from the City of Winnipeg. Norway House was founded in 1819 by a party of Norwegians who established themselves at Norway Point, having been driven in 1814-15 from the Red River settlement. The fort was built at the mouth of a small stream called Jack River. This was an excellent location for a mission, and justified the choice of James Evans, the founder of the mission. From the widely scattered regions of the North-West, the Indians of different tribes and the Half-Breeds once and twice each year visited the Fort, the brigade of boats from North Factory and Red River for Athabasca

and Mackenzie River passed to and fro on their annual trip, and to the representatives of several tribes the Gospel of Christ was preached, and the story of Calvary was repeated around the camp fires in the far frozen north. The mission station was located about two miles from the company's fort, and was named by James Evans Rossville, in honor of Donald Ross, Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, resident at Norway House.*

The Indians among whom George McDougall was destined for a short time to labor, belonged to the Cree Confederacy. Their language sounds sweetly to the ear, especially when the Christian hymns are sung in the native tongue. James Evans had invented in 1841 a syllabic system of the language, by means of which an uncultured Indian of the Northern forests could master his language, and within one week read the Bible fluently in his own tongue. Hymns, catechism, and the Bible had been translated into the Cree language and printed in the syllabic characters.†

William Arthur, M.A., in his attractive volume on the Mysore Mission, says: "Every missionary ought at the very outset to determine that, by the help of God, he will preach to the people in their own tongue as well as if he were a native. To fix an aim lower than this is suicidal to his own respectability and influence." The early missionaries to the American Indians attempted this and succeeded. Evans and Hurlburt were effective speakers of the Ojibway language, and there are no white men to be found who can talk more fluently and forcibly in the Cree tongue than John McDougall and Orrin German.

The foundations having been laid, George McDougall entered into the work with love and enthusiasm, as the successor in the mission of Robert Brooking, who had toiled bravely and with success, as he had formerly done as a missionary for seven years on the Western Coast of Africa.

Despite the difficulties attending missionary work in the North-West, and the indignities heaped upon the Indians by white, many of the red men were anxious for the Gospel.

The Rev. Allan Salt, a native Ojibway, labored for three years at Lac-La-Pluie, and although many hindrances were thrown in his way, he was encouraged in his work by the Indians, as shown by the following letters:

*McLean's "James Evans, Inventor of the Syllabic System of the Cree Language," pages 149, 152, 154.

†McLean's "The Indians of Canada," pages 255, 345.

"Fort Frances, Lac-La-Pluie,
June 8th, 1857.

To our Missionary:

You have come to this part to look for us, but our relatives will not do as you wish.

Now, we Indians on the British side desire you to establish a mission at the Fort of Lac-La-Pluie, Little Rapids, where we wish to cultivate the soil and build our houses, where you may teach wisdom to our children, and where we may hear the Word.

We are poor; we do not wish our relatives to throw us down, we wish you to use all the power you have to help us, for we need help in tools, also clothing to cover us from the heat of the sun; and may our good ways go up to the sky.

Signed by the Chiefs by marking their respective totems.

GABAGWUN. (Buck.)

WUZUTSHKOONCE. (Turtle.)

SHINUWIGWUN.

GABAGWUNASHKUNG, Speaker. (Beaver.)

Witnesses, JOHN McDONALD, P.M.

NICHOL CHANTELLAN, his x mark, Interpreter

Addressed to Allen Salt, Wesleyan Missionary.

The Speech of Paugauhiliwanash, Chief of Naumakoon, to Allen Salt, Wesleyan Missionary.

Now I speak to you, my friend. Give me that which will be useful to my child. Give me that which Kishamunido has given you to tell. I pull you to help me. I put that into your head.

Now I speak to you missionary. Help me, for the white man is coming very fast to fill my country. You who speak the word of God, I want you to see me every time Kishamunido brings the day. Now we will listen to each other. I desire to follow your ways, so that my children may have the benefit. I want seed, that my children may plant and raise food.

Though my little speech is like shooting on the run passing by me on your way home, yet listen to me.

I have confidence in your person, in your high office, and that you will help me so that I may be able to subdue the ground.

Now I desire to raise my children in one place. Now look out for the best place for me, my friend.

Now I delight in seeing the sky which Kishamunido has made. I desire you to give me a domestic animal, for an Indian is not able to do what ought to be done.

You missionary, have you not the means so that you might let my children

have something to cover themselves from the muskitoes.

Now my dish is stone. I wish to be as I see you. I desire to have dishes like you. If I see according to my words, I will listen to what you say to me.

Signed by marking his totem,

PAUYAUBIDAWASH, Chief.*

George McDougall by means of temperance lectures and sermons, and by setting before the people an example of energy, aroused them from their lethargy and in a short time the mission was in a flourishing condition.

The missionary was not inclined to favor the location of the mission, although good men and true had toiled there, but the lack of farming lands, the prospect of the ultimate failure of the fisheries, and the rawness of the climate, induced him to urge upon the missionary authorities the removal of the mission to a more Southerly location. The proposed change never took place and Norway House Mission remains until the present day, the best American Indian Mission under the auspices of the Methodist Church.

Wise and timely were the words penned by the Missionary Secretary in the Missionary Report for 1862, relating to Canadian Indian Missions. The report states: "The Society's Indian Missions in Canada have long and properly obtained much attention, and elicited an unwearied liberality from all classes of the population, and they have been repaid with the evangelization of thousands of untutored and degraded pagans, whose stability and maturity in knowledge and virtue had been wished, and after a short period in a good degree maintained. The plans adopted for this end have been scriptural and the agency employed in the case of Native Labourers though not always highly intellectual has in all cases been pious and fitting, energetic and efficient, and the local superintendency of the missions has been committed to devoted Ministers of prudence and probity. There has been, and is, scepticism on the subject of Indian conversion and consistency, and there ought to be care but not doubt. Facts show that Canadian Pagans have cast away their superstitions, received Bible truth into the mind, become devout worshippers of God, lovers of Christ, and sober, industrious, and respected men, females have been advanced to their right place in domestic life and many children have received useful knowledge.

There have been defections and there are unradicated evils to be deplored. The good, nevertheless, has the ascendancy.

*Canadian Wesleyan Methodist Report.

by the grace of God, on the established missions. Considering the age and obstinacy of former habits, the fascinations of Paganism, their imperfect knowledge of the English tongue, the civil impositions they have to bear, and the snares which some professed Christians lay for their entanglement; it is not certain that the defections among the Indians are more numerous than among the white people. It is a libel on the Author of the Gospel to avow that Christian Civilization injures a Pagan people, either numerically, physically, socially, or religiously. The Wesleyans have been specially favoured by Providence in their attempts at Indian evangelization. The triumphs of Indian death-beds if there were no other reasons for satisfaction are an ample remuneration for all the outlay and labour. The proportions of the good done among the Aborigines would stand out to the astonishment of objectors if the Sabbath and the Bible were abolished on the Society's missions, the missionaries silenced, Day and Sabbath schools closed, and teachers and interpreters discharged, the devotions and experience of the prayer and class-meetings terminated, the axe no longer reverberate and the plough cease to turn up the virgin soil, the songs of the saved be unheard, and the Red families with all their faults left to fall back to the darkness and baseness and misery of Paganism. But a better and brighter destiny awaits them."

Through the labors of James Evans, Hurlburt, and Thomas Woolsey the foundations had been laid among the members of the Cree Confederacy for establishing very successful missions. The existence of the Cree Syllabic Characters of Evans, the translations of the Scriptures by Steinhauer and Sinclair and the faithful preaching and pastoral work of former laborers had prepared the way for George McDougall and others to carry on the work. The successes which followed the ministrations of these worthy men, were striking evidence of the value of the principles taught and the liberality and soundness of their schemes.

George McDougall's report for Norway House for 1861-2. was very encouraging. It is as follows:—

"Both our European and Native congregations present pleasing indications of prosperity. At Norway House the Lord has raised us up a band of zealous young men. Many of these are now leaving for distant parts, and having received their spiritual birth through the instrumentality of the love-feast, class and prayer meetings, they have become acquainted with

our system, and are pledged to work for the Saviour.

At Rossville, the Indian village, it has not been our happiness to witness especial outpourings of the Holy Spirit, but the Lord has been most gracious, our quarterly meetings have improved, our services have been most faithfully attended, and heathen been gathered into the fold of Christ.

Our School may safely be considered one of the brightest spots in this land. During the severest part of the winter the attendance was regular: upwards of 30 of these interesting youth can read the Word of God. Our Sabbath School demands special attention: about one hundred are constant in their attendance. To the ladies and friends at Norway House we are deeply indebted for their valuable services in this work of love. The cause of temperance has been kept before the public mind and a goodly number of both whites and Indians have pledged themselves to total abstinence.

In secular matters we have made some advancement, and our church has been enlarged and improved: the Mission premises erected by the Rev. James Evans we found in a most dilapidated condition. During the past winter every available hour has been employed in collecting material for a new house. In the village there are the marks of an improving people, new houses have been erected, and new fields have been enclosed with substantial fences.

There is one subject that has sometimes oppressed us, the loss of some of our most promising young people by death: yet in these the great object of missions has been accomplished. They all died in the Lord. A successful effort has been made to introduce wholesome reading. A box of books received from Dr. Green was at once disposed of, and another is daily expected. Our good people have not been unmindful of their obligations to the Head of the Church for the Gospel. Norway House sends you a check for £34 16s. sterling. And Rossville Indians theirs for £6 5s. Number of members, one hundred and sixty seven: increase twenty-seven.

The missionary toiler at Oxford House had toiled during the same year with great earnestness, and many tokens of success had been given. Some of the Indians had read the new Testament in the Cree Syllabic Characters entirely through, and the study of the Divine Revelation had produced a higher type of piety and civilization. Amongst the number who had died was John Coland. Born a pagan, healthy and energetic, he became an adept in vice. He delighted in heathenish cus-

toms, and was a leader in all vicious practices, but about the year 1850 he had heard the Gospel and ultimately became a Christian.

He was a faithful class-leader dealing gently with the erring, and boldly denouncing sin. In his exhortations he was true to the souls of men. For a few years his health was failing, and he suffered keenly. While absent from Oxford House he became seriously ill, but in the midst of his pain and weakness he was constantly rejoicing and praising Jesus.

When failing strength no longer permitted him to manifest his joy, he requested his nephew to read to him, and as he read the words "Thou shalt see greater things than these" the patient sufferer passed away to be forever with the Lord.

The red men die well sustained by the faith of Christ. Doubts have been entertained regarding the success of the Gospel among the Indians, and yet striking evidences have been given of the power, peace, and purity given to the dying red man.

West as well as East of the Rocky mountains, the Gospel has won many trophies among the red. Sterling examples of true piety have been found among the red men belonging to Duncan of Metlahkatlah, and Crosby of Fort Simpson. As early as 1861, success had attended the efforts of the early missionaries.

The Rev. Mr. Robson graphically described the work he had done during that year among the Indians at Nanaimo. He stated that there were about twenty thousand Indians in British Columbia and only two protestant missionaries laboring among them. And he continues "It is not true that all our Indians are more degraded than the Canadian Indians prior to their conversion and improvement. That may be true of those around Victoria and the lower Fraser, who live on clams and fish, and have much with ungodly whites: but it is not true of all. There are no tribes in Canada to surpass the Queen Charlotte Island Indians, Tahimshians, Bella Bella, Tongas, and Thompson's River Indians. I have seen many of them who stand six feet two inches, well built and capable of trotting with three hundred pounds of flour on their backs: and they are capable of being educated.

I know a girl of ten years of age, who committed to memory the Romish mass service in three days. It now takes her a full hour to go through it at railroad speed! Numbers have perfectly learned the alphabet (large and small) in one evening. I did not do that when I learn-

ed it! They also soon learn to write and understand arithmetic readily. And some of the tribes are large and remote from the blighting influence of civilized people. Contact with the whites at Victoria and other towns has made much evil. My God have mercy on them and the deluded victims of their sin! But you ask 'what have you done'? Well I have tried to do what I could. During the past year I built a house 20x26 feet in size adjoining the Indian camp at Nanaimo. Most of the work was done with my own hands: for in this country we are not only tent makers but house builders. It cost besides my own labour, one hundred and thirty dollars, thirty dollars of this amount I raised here, and I hope yet to get some more, but will probably be compelled to ask some help from you, as I cannot well go this warfare at my own charge. In this house I assemble the Indians each Sabbath, after the morning service is over in the town, and preach to them. I use the *Chinook* language, and one of the Indians renders it into *Nanaimo*. First, I pray in English, (all kneeling); then repeat the Lord's Prayer in *Nanaimo*, all repeating with me. Then I explain the commandments, and select a suitable portion of Scripture, preach to them as well as I can: after this we sing a verse in *Chinook*, and the closing prayer is translated by the interpreter. The Indians attend often in large numbers, and are very serious, often deeply attentive. Sometimes they shed tears, and utter exclamations of wonder or joy at what they hear. I am very hopeful of several of them. These are fair blossoms, but what the finish will be remains to be seen. Some fruit we have had in the restraining of vice and visible reformation of life. O! for the converting power of the Holy Spirit to rest upon them! My heart is sometimes melted to hear the moving speeches of some of them in their councils. Such eloquence! Such earnestness! O! if they were but converted, we should have preachers of the right stamp, Jones and Sunday reproduced! I also teach Day School when I can do so, and there are now about ten scholars in attendance, but they are away fishing, voyaging, planting and digging potatoes, or working with the white people more than half of their time. I have visited some other tribes besides the *Nanaimos*. They all seem ripe for the Gospel. I have often witnessed scenes of *thrilling interest* among them—crowds of almost breathless listeners—falling tears—shouts of gladness—entreaties to come again—shaking hands with hundreds—but I cannot enter into all the details. What is wanted is earnest, self-denying, heaven-

baptized men and women to devote themselves to this work, and a great and glorious harvest will be gathered. I have a number of invitations from other tribes to visit them, and have promised some that I will go to them and tell them of the Saviour."

All the success of the Indian missions had not been told. Some of the missionaries were extremely modest in recounting their hardships and enumerating their evidences of success. Impartial travellers noted the tokens of good, when compared with mission work in other lands. Mr. Boyce one of the General Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society of Great Britain, after visiting some of the Canadian Indian Missions stated that he had seen missions in South Africa, New Zealand and various other parts of the world, and he had never witnessed such effects as had been produced among the Native tribes of Canada through the labours of Protestant missionaries.

Not the least successful of our Canadian Indian missions have been those among the Cree Indians in Kewatin and Saskatchewan. Around the camp fires the thrilling tales of adventure have oftentimes been forgotten in the narration of the story of the wondrous love of the Christian Master of Life. The songs and stories of the olden days have been rejected for the sweeter songs and truer tales of the men of faith who have done God's will.

CHAPTER VIII.

MASKEPETOON.

In the year 1862, the zealous missionary whose life and labors we have been describing first met the noble and warlike chief *Maskepetoon* or *Broken Arm*. Oftentimes the devoted servant of God had gone out upon the plains visiting the Indian camps and preaching to the people, the Gospel of the Crucified. His name had been mentioned with honor by the dwellers in the lodges, who ever held in grateful remembrance the man who lived for their enlightenment and prosperity. Upon one of these visits he entered the camp of *Maskepetoon*, and declared to the people the Christ as the Great Sacrifice for Sin. A story has been related of the influence of God's grace over the heart of this powerful and haughty chief. George McDougall had been preaching to the Christians and heathen in the camp of *Maskepetoon*, who had entertained him well, giving him the most dignified places and the choicest portions of their food. The aged chief who was the head chief had mastered the Cree Syllabic characters, and when the missionary visited him he

was found reading the eighth chapter of Romans from a copy of the New Testament which had been given to him by the Rev. Thomas Woolsey during the winter of 1861.

The aged chief listened intently to the story of the Cross, and especially to the power of forgiveness manifested by Christ, and this made a lasting impression upon his mind. Every day the old warrior read two chapters in the New Testament in the Syllabic Characters, and earnestly he was seeking the light. The camp was moved; and as the company rode on, during the days when they were seeking food; and also revenge, one of the subordinate chiefs went up to George McDougall and requested him to fall back in the rear, as they did not wish him to witness the sufferings and agony of a young man whom they were determined to punish. Instead of falling back, the intrepid man went forward and kept close to the head chief. Maskepetoon seemed to be lost in deep meditation and his heart was evidently deeply stirred by the power of the truth. The reason for the precaution manifested by the minor chief very soon became evident for they were approaching a band of Indians among whom was a young man who had murdered the son of Maskepetoon. Early in the spring the aged chief had sent his son to bring in a band of horses from one of the valleys of the Rocky Mountains, where they had been left to procure good pasturage during the winter.

He selected a young man to accompany his son, and to help him in the work. They started together and not many days afterward the young man returned, saying that as they were travelling along one of the dangerous pathways in one of the mountain passes, the son of Maskepetoon losing his balance fell over a precipice and was dashed to pieces. The young man being alone could not drive the horses, and after several ineffectual attempts they became unmanageable, and fled, so that he was unable to recover them. The story was indeed very plausible, but not long afterward the true version was given. The young man had an opportunity to sell the horses, and the temptation became so great that he slew the chief's son, hid the reward of his crime and returned to camp to tell the tale which covered his guilt. The aged chief determined to punish the offender, and in accordance with Indian law and custom, that implied death or compensation by means of gifts.

Maskepetoon's band was now moving toward a party of Indians in which the murderer had found a place. The eye of the haughty chief flashed,

fire as he detected the murderer of his son, and his whole body was tremulous with emotion. Drawing his tomahawk he rode quickly toward the young man, and whilst everyone expected to see the culprit dashed to the ground, they were amazed to hear him address him as follows: "Young man! By the law of our camps you are doomed to die. I trusted you as a brave and honourable young man, choosing you above all others as the companion of my son. You betrayed your trust and shed innocent blood. You have become an enemy to the tribe, and your name is hated by my band of warriors. I determined when first I should meet you to dash my tomahawk into your brains, but I heard the Praying man tell the story of the love of the man called Christ, and the book of the Great Spirit tells us to love our enemies. That story has softened my heart, and I forgive you. But go from my presence, and never let me look upon your face again, lest I should be tempted to avenge the death of my son."

Oftentimes in the camp of Maskepetoon did Woolsey and George McDougall point the Indians to the Lamb of God and many of the dusky braves became devoted followers of Christ. The songs of Zion arose on the evening air, as they gathered around the camp-fires, and with reverence they studied the word of God in the Evans' Syllabic Characters. When the missionaries visited the camps the aged chief Broken Arm and his companions gathered around them asking questions as to the probable departure of the buffalo and the advent of civilization. When they departed the red men longed for the return of their friends who were able by their superior knowledge to predict the probabilities of the future.

Maskepetoon became a true Christian. Incessantly he studied his Cree Bible and devoted much of his time for the welfare of the Cree Confederacy. Especially did he become a peacemaker among the warlike tribes of the plains. About the year 1865, a party of Blackfeet went north and stole some horses from Maskepetoon's camp. He determined to enter into negotiations with the Blackfeet and if possible secure his stolen horses. Accordingly he set out for the Blackfoot camp, accompanied by his son and a few of his followers. As they moved southward and had reached Battle River, they ascended a small hill and descried a band of Blackfeet coming toward them. It was a mutual surprise, for neither party suspected the presence of the other. The few Crees who were with the chief fled and hid themselves, while the Blackfeet threw aside their blankets and rushed upon their

enemies. Suddenly they stopped and gazed in amazement at the strange actions of the brave chief. There he stood in the way with one of his sons, deserted by his people, and reading quietly his Cree Testament. He moved not and seemed not to regard their presence. They thought that he must be a great medicine man who bore a charmed life, protected by his guardian spirits.

The Blackfeet gazed in astonishment upon the aged man, and then called upon him to tell them his name. "*Maskepetoon!*" he replied, and the sound of that name sent terror to their hearts. They remembered his former prowess, and they admired the fearless spirit of the brave chief. Laying aside their hostile intentions they approached the undaunted hero; and became friends. The chief's followers crept from their hiding place, and together the company travelled to *Broken Arm's* camp. A treaty of peace was made amid much rejoicing and many festivities. Under the guidance of the old man the Blackfeet visited Cree camps near Fort Pitt, Victoria and Saddle Lake, where further negotiations were entered into. Upon their return *Maskepetoon* went with them to the Blackfoot camp and had all his stolen horses restored.

This treaty of peace lasted for about three years, when hostilities were renewed. Again he went southward to secure peaceful relations, but failed.

As he was travelling southward upon his mission of peace, a party of Blackfeet met him, among whom was his inveterate enemy *Natos*. The old chief and his son were shot down by the Blackfeet. His body was cut in pieces, and fastened to the horses' tails, was thus dragged into the Blackfoot camp.

The Crees in retaliation killed over one hundred of their enemies, and for some time afterward both parties were ever ready to start on the war-path. Many still remember the brave Christian chief of the Cree Indians, whose influence, after his conversion, was ever on the side of right.

CHAPTER IX.

VICTORIA.

Nine hundred and twenty miles north and west of Winnipeg stands the prairie village of the Saskatchewan, fitly named *Victoria*.

It lies in a beautiful valley having rich soil, abundance of timber of all kinds suitable for early settlement, excellent pasture and a good climate. The Crees and half-breeds were naturally drawn to this lovely spot about thirty years ago,

from the natural advantages of the place. In 1862, *George McDougall* and his son *John*, made a long journey from *Norway House* to the banks of the *North Saskatchewan* visiting Indian and half-breed camps, encouraging the despondent, reproving the vicious, and prying with the sick and dying. As early as 1791, the *North-West Fur Company* had trading posts along the *North Saskatchewan*.

North East of Edmonton stood *Lac d'Original* and about 1793, another post named *Fort George* was built. Vast herds of buffalo, and deer, and even grizzly bears roamed on the banks of the *Saskatchewan*, and nearly seventy years later when the *Methodist missionary* from *Norway House* visited the valleys of the *West*, he saw large numbers of these animals. Wherever the trading posts were established the Indians congregated at stated seasons of the year for the purposes of trade, and occasionally they made a raid upon the establishments which were seldom successful.

The employees were of Scotch, French, and English extraction, who joined the company in their youth, lived lives of endurance, with short intervals of pleasure, and in old age retired to the more thickly settled parts of the country, or returned to the home of their childhood to spend the remnant of their days. Some of them lived freely with the Indians, or took to themselves dusky maidens from the camp, and apparently happy and contented were they surrounded by the smiling countenances of half-breed children. Through intermarriage a distinctive half-breed population sprang up, varied in its tastes and intellectual ability according to the peculiar characteristic of the paternal nationality. These half-breeds became the *Voyageurs* and *Bourgeois* of the fur trading companies, and the trappers and hunters of the North, famous rivals of the bravest of the Indian tribes.

The French half-breeds were generally members of the *Roman Catholic Church*, the Scotch half-breeds adhered to the *Kirk and Creed* of their fathers and the English were divided between the *Methodist and English Churches*.

Through lack of religious teachers however the priogeny followed the teachings of the earliest missionaries.

Victoria was a famous resort of the Indians and half-breeds.

Robert Terrill Rundle in 1840, travelled toward the *Saskatchewan* country, as the first *Methodist missionary* sent to the west. He came from *England* that same year, and was stationed at *Edmonton* and *Rocky Mountain House*. It was he, who began the *Methodist mission* at *Pigeon*

Lake latterly known as Woodville, which was finally abandoned owing to the hostility of the Prairie Indians. This mission renamed after the Rev. Dr Enoch Wood, father-in-law of Dr. Nelles, Chancellor of Victoria University, was reorganized by John McDougall and is still in operation, the location however having been changed within the past three years.

Robert Rundle was compelled to leave the country through injuries received from a horse, having labored in the west for eight years. This pioneer Methodist missionary to the Rocky Mountains is remembered in the Indian camps by the songs of Zion which he taught the natives to sing, and the tourist gazes with admiration upon Mount Rundle, as he glides along in his palace car through the Rocky Mountains, little dreaming of the patient toiler who first taught the Crees and Stonies the name of the Blessed Christ.

Thomas Woolsey was stationed at Edmonton when George McDougall visited the Valley of the Saskatchewan. Woolsey had built a log house at Smoking Lake, about thirty miles north from the present site of Victoria, and intended establishing a mission there, but it was latterly decided to start on the bank of the river, although this was on the path of the warlike Blackfeet. John McDougall had gone to visit some other places, and when he returned he found that his father had gone to Norway House, not being able to remain longer, and the son was instructed to stay and assist in erecting buildings for the new mission.

Sixty miles north of Victoria was Whitefish Lake where Henry B. Steinhauer, an Ojibway Indian, educated and pious, had established a mission.

Steinhauer was born near Rama about 1820. He spent a year at Grape Island Indian School, three years at Cazenovia Seminary, returning to Canada he taught school for two years, and then attended Upper Canada Academy for a short time. In 1840, he accompanied James Evans, the famous North West Missionary on his journey to the west, spending some time as Interpreter at Lac la Pluie.

He was at Norway House in 1850, and in 1854 he spent a few months in England. In the summer of 1855, he was ordained in London, Ont., and with Thomas Woolsey, left for the Saskatchewan district. In June 1857, he pitched his tent at Whitefish Lake and began there his mission, which he maintained faithfully and successfully until he died, a few months before the Riel Rebellion of 1885.

Steinhauer, Woolsey and John McDougall began in earnest the preparation of the materials for the new premises. The lumber was cut by hand, and the timber prepared sixty miles up the river. When everything was almost completed a prairie fire consumed the material, and the workers had to begin anew. Nothing daunted, they bravely encountered the task, and were successful.

Within two years after the establishment of the mission at Victoria, a church and mission-house were erected at a cost of two thousand dollars, the whole sum being defrayed by personal effort and local contributions.

In the summer of 1863, George McDougall left Norway House with his family, having secured a passage with the Saskatchewan Brigade of the Hudson's Bay Company. It was a long journey, but undertaken in the interests of men's souls, there was strength enjoyed, greater than is usually borne when the object sought is material wealth.

When the missionary and his family arrived, they still remained in their Indian lodge, no building being ready for shelter. A house was speedily built, temporary yet durable, and the work was energetically begun. The Mountain Stonies were sought out, some of whom had become devoted Christians, through the labours of Rundle and Woolsey, and all of them had avowed their attachment to the Methodist Church. Blessed results followed the labours of the missionaries. The class meeting was established at Victoria, and so effectual were the ministrations of these spiritual advisers, that in a short time, Indians, whites and half-breeds united in giving their relation of Christian experience, and six classes were in operation at one time. The summer was spent upon the prairies with the Indians, preaching Christ to them. When the Indians were at home the services were very well attended. The children assembled in the day school, where they learned English rapidly, the sick came to the mission house for medicine and food, and in all domestic and camp troubles the missionary and his family were the trusted advisers who were eagerly sought for counsel.

Early on Sunday morning the bell summoned the worshippers to the house of prayer, where reverently they sat, singing the hymns in the Cree Language, reading the Bible printed in the Evan's Syllabic characters, and listening to a sermon in their native tongue.

Several Roman Catholic Missions were located not far from Victoria, the members of which were chiefly French Half-

breeds. South-west from Victoria is an extensive lake named Grand Lac upon the shores of which there is a Half-breed settlement and a Roman Catholic mission called St Albert. The site for this mission was selected by Archbishop Tache, and it was begun in 1861 by the Rev. Albert Lacombe, the zealous missionary of the Order of Oblates. Subsequently the mission developed until it became the See of a Bishopric with Bishop Grandin at its head. A Convent was established with several Sisters of Charity under whose care there has been placed a large school for the children of the settlement.

At Lake St Anne not far distant another Roman Catholic mission was established in 1844, by the Rev. Mr. Thibault.

In the early history of the Victoria mission George McDougall wrote in glowing terms of the wonderful capabilities of the Saskatchewan district and his language has become almost prophetic in its fulfilment.

In Sandford Fleming's Report of 1879, it is stated that Victoria is 1,900 feet above the sea. The soil is a light sandy black loam, not as heavy as at Edmonton. Wheat and barley sown in May was very fine, and all garden vegetables grew luxuriantly.

The locations of many of the missions were selected with care, and evinced the excellent judgment of the missionaries. Victoria was no exception to the rule, in the matter of good soil, climate and many other advantages.

The literature of the period corroborated the testimonies of the missionaries regarding the wonderful possibilities of the Saskatchewan Valley. Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle in 1865, published an accurate and interesting report of their travels through the country in the "*North-west Passage by Land*." The authors were loud in their praises of the Saskatchewan district as an agricultural country never having seen such root crops even in England. They saw coal-beds of enormous thickness on the banks of the Saskatchewan and other rivers, and they further testify that "the climate is milder than that of the same portion of Canada which lies within the same latitudes while the soil is at least equal, if not of greater fertility."

Archbishop Tache of St Boniface in his "Sketch of the Northwest of America" speaks with the tongue of an optimist about the beautiful land of the North. Language of mine would fail to convey so perfectly the ideas of the Archbishop, who says "The coal fields which cross the different branches of the Saskatchewan are a great source of wealth, and favour the

settlement of the valley in which nature has multiplied picturesque scenery that challenges comparison with the most remarkable of its kind in the world. I can understand the exclusive attachment of the children of the Saskatchewan for their native place. Having crossed the desert and having come to so great a distance from civilized countries, which are occasionally supposed to have a monopoly of good things, one is surprised to find in the extreme West so extensive and so beautiful a region. The Author of the universe has been pleased to spread out, by the side of the grand and wild beauties of the Rocky Mountains, the captivating pleasure grounds of the plains of the Saskatchewan." The writer can add his testimony to those already given, as to the abundance and excellent quality of the coal, the salubrity of the climate, the richness of the soil, the magnificence of the rivers and the picturesqueness of the scenery. These cannot be surpassed in any part of the world.

When George McDougall visited Ontario and told to delighted audiences the story of his life and described to the few-acre farmers the beauties of the west,

"Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate, And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them; Each one thought in his heart, that he, too would go and do likewise."

An interesting event took place at Victoria on September 20th 1865, in the marriage of Mr. McDougall's eldest daughter to Richard Hardisty, Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Few books have been written about the Saskatchewan Country in which there is not a kindly reference to this genial son of the soil. He was born at Moose Factory, James Bay, about 1830, his father being employed in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, having originally belonged to the south of England. Along with two brothers he was sent to a school taught by the Rev. W. McCallum now known as St John's College, Winnipeg. At seventeen years of age he entered the Hudson's Bay Company's service and was stationed at Lake Manitoba, Carleton, Prince Albert, Edmonton, Calgary and other places of trust.

The writer first met him in the spring of 1882, and during a few days residence at the Company's post at Edmonton learned to love him. His extensive travels over the northern country as a Chief Factor of the Company gave him opportunities for acquiring knowledge

enjoyed by few, and he with that peculiar modesty which was the leading trait of his character freely imparted to saint and sinner useful knowledge out of the abundance which his mind possessed. Half-breeds and Indians respected him as a man of honour who was kind to all, and ever true to his word. In the camps of the Cree and Blackfoot Indians he was ever held in grateful remembrance and oftentimes has the writer listened to the aged chiefs speaking of this man with admiration. He lived to become Inspecting Chief Factor of the Company, and a Senator of the Dominion. In the Senate Chamber he rendered eminent service to his country, his advice being sought on all questions affecting the North-west. Suddenly was he removed from us in the fifty-ninth year of his age, through injuries received at Broadview by being thrown from his conveyance. In the Winnipeg hospital surrounded by his wife, daughter, youngest son and numerous friends he quietly passed away, and the North-west lost one of her noblest sons. Blameless he lived amongst men, doing good in unostentatious ways "His life was gentle: and the elements so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world: This was a man!"

Such a son-in-law did George McDougall find beside the North Saskatchewan. Mission work in the Saskatchewan District rapidly developed under the fostering care of the Chairman. New missions were being formed and improvements made in old ones. A mission was begun at Pigeon Lake, named Woodville after Rev. Enoch Wood, D.D., Missionary Secretary, which was manned by John McDougall, son of the hero of the Saskatchewan. Indian schools were established in connection with the missions, two being at this time very successful, at Whitefish Lake under E. R. Steinhauer, and at Victoria.

In the regions beyond, the missionaries had bravely toiled and now they looked Eastward to witness the tide of civilization advancing rapidly toward the Red River Valley, and anxiously did they request help from Ontario. The appeals for men and money, though pressing failed to secure prompt answers, and George McDougall leaving his home in the far west, proceeded Eastward where his native eloquence thrilled the hearts of thousands in Ontario and Quebec.

During the winter of 1867-8 the Methodist Church acceded to the urgent request of the missionary and decided to begin work amongst the white settlers of the Red River District. In May 1868, George

McDougall left Ontario with a band of devoted missionaries and teachers for Manitoba and the North-west.

This was the day of small things, but it was the beginning of an era of prosperity. This goodly band of men consisted of Rev. George Young, E. R. Young, Peter Campbell, Ira Snyder and his brother, George Young began his work in the Red River Settlement, on Notre Dame street, Fort Garry. He was in labours abundant, his mission extending more than one hundred and twenty miles along the Assiniboine and Red Rivers. The first Methodist class was organized at High Bluff in December, 1868. The first Methodist churches in the Red River Settlement were built at Poplar Point and High Bluff by the Rev. Matthew Robison who came to Manitoba in 1869, as assistant to Rev George Young.

The name of Dr. George Young is precious to the Methodists of Manitoba, for it was he who laid so effectively the foundations of the Church during his eight years residence in the country.

E. R. Young went to Norway House where he toiled earnestly among the Cree Indians, spending eight years among them in that Northern land.

Peter Campbell and the Snyder brothers travelled westward to the Saskatchewan, under the guidance of George McDougall, the former to preach to the half-breeds and Indians, and the latter to teach the Indian children.

During this year the trading post famous in the history of the Blackfoot Indians, was built. Fort Whoop-Up, was erected at a cost of ten thousand dollars by Hamilton and Healy, at the junction of the St. Mary and Belly Rivers, seven miles west of the present town of Lethbridge. The massive stockade has been the scene of several contests, and rough days and nights; some of the old timers have experienced in the vicinity of the fort. The old bell still peals forth its call to dinner and the old cannon lies there, but it is harmless, its days of warfare are at an end. Oftentimes has the writer sought food and rest within the old stockade and dreamed of the stirring times when buffalo roamed the prairies in thousands and the redskins were masters of the plains, but all this is changed. No longer do the dwellers in the Southern Lodges scour the plains, on savage conquest bent, but with downcast mien and faltering step they walk a conquered race despised and forsaken.

One year later the Hudson's Bay Company sold their title to the North-west, to the Dominion Government.

Matters did not always run smoothly among the Indians, for Indian raids were frequent, and the Blackfeet hated intensely the Crees and Stonies. The Blackfeet prowled around Victoria, and threatened to invade the post, but superstitious dread prevented them from committing any depredations.

In the winter of 1869, came the Riel Rebellion with its numerous injurious consequences, disastrous alike to whites, half-breeds and Indians. The martial spirit of the Methodist patriot was aroused as he heard the mutterings of discontent in the Saskatchewan and at last learned that there was open rebellion in the Red River Settlement. Anxious for the safety of the missionary families he started for Fort Garry to ensure the safe arrival of supplies for the year, and obtain if possible military protection in the west.

The following letters will reveal the state of matters during this period:—

VICTORIA MISSION, April 5th, 1870.

I often find my mind wandering across the now troubled plains to favored peaceful Canada; and though I cannot complain of a spirit of repining, yet there is much in our experience exceedingly trying to flesh and blood. In the past winter we have had to live on flesh and pemmican; and though the young folks enjoy good health, I can clearly see the effect is quite otherwise with Mrs. McDougall. At present we are making strenuous efforts to put in a crop. Seed has been carted from Red River and other places. Providence has favored us with plenty of snow, and if spared till next fall we hope to rejoice once more over potatoes and barley cake. On this Mission the good work is deepening and widening, and there is a constant ingathering. We have had no especial outpouring of the Holy Spirit, but the word is heard with deep interest, and our prayer and class-meetings are well attended; our average congregation, when the hunters are on the plains, numbers two hundred. By local effort we built an end gallery in the church, which accommodates sixty persons, and yet we are uncomfortably crowded. At both White Fish Lake and here we are favored with the best of school teachers; and when we remember the former state of their pupils it is impossible to over-estimate the value of the work they are accomplishing. Here are at least one hundred children who, but for your benevolence, would now be in the Cree camp, covered with a piece of dirty robe, and exposed to all the demoralizing influences of the most debasing Paganism. Mark the contrast; these boys and girls remain at home, with clean faces and well combed hair; and though many of their garments remind you of Joseph's yet they are clean, and their attendance at school is regular, and there are few pieces in the "Sunday School Harp" that these little ones cannot

sing. Let the schools on all our Protestant Missions be well sustained, and we have little to fear from Popery.

My son has passed most of the winter amongst the Plain Indians. When we first heard of the outbreak at Red River we felt that his winter's work was clearly defined. Numbers of false reports had reached these Indians, all calculated to stir up the worst feelings towards the whites. It has been my son's privilege to meet these roving tribes in their councils; and after preaching to them the Gospel of peace, explained to them that their rights will be faithfully protected by the Government; and in doing this he has been very successful. For, as far as we can see, a spirit of loyalty is generally among our people.

Report has reached us that smallpox is prevalent among the Blackfeet, and that one of their small camps, numbering about thirty tents, was lately attacked by the American miners, and all cut off but the Chiefs,—these were first put in irons and then burnt to death! This was done in retaliation for wrongs received by the immigrants since last fall. We have been informed that the smallpox was gradually making its way north, exterminating whole bands in its course. Having once witnessed its ravages among the Indians, I tremble in view of the future. If God does not avert the calamity, we shall see suffering greater than ever witnessed in this country. The vaccine received from England will not take effect. Please forward us some by letter.

As none of the brethren will have an opportunity of writing now, I would just add that I have lately heard they were all well.

We are all in the dark as regards Red River, but are daily looking for an express.

I wrote Governor McDougall a statement of facts regarding the country, urging the importance of sending in Commissioners to treat with the Indians. Let no surveyors or any other class of white men show themselves till this is done, or some of us will pay the penalty with our lives, for we have plenty of the same kind of "roughs" that have given trouble in Red River; and I might add, they have the same kind of teacher, a hatred to everything that bears the name of English. We are not in a position to inform our friends of all we know.

This goes out with a free-trader.

WINNIPEG, RED RIVER,
June 18th, 1870.

I left Victoria with the resolve to return as soon as possible. For eight months all communication has been cut off. Your letter reached us the week before I started for Red River. The past year has been one of great hardship and much anxiety. The Blackfeet have been driven by the United States troops across the lines. The Company have withdrawn all the forts that have traded with them. I was at Edmonion, when from two to three hundred attacked the fort and fired four or five hundred shots at us. We have a population of

seven hundred French half breed families and we know not when these might rise. Priests and Fenians have disturbed the minds of the Crees. John has spent a hard winter amongst the Plain Crees, and has done much to remove bad impressions. I left him in charge of Victoria; but I cannot describe my feelings when I think of my family. I wished my wife to come with me, but she felt it her duty to remain at the Mission. I must now tell you why I visited Red River last spring. We received a letter from Gov. McTavish, stating that the Company's outfit for the Saskatchewan would be all destroyed, and the northern districts must look out for themselves; this was telling twenty thousand half-breeds and Indians that they must starve. Give no ball and powder, and death by thousands must be the consequence. A council was held at Edmonton, and the priests called upon to declare their intentions. They were informed that it was our determination, come what would, not to take the oath prescribed by Riel and his ruffians. For the sake of these people they agreed to join us, and that Mr. Christie, a priest, and myself should lead a party to Fort Benton, and try and procure ammunition; and 300 carts and 100 armed men were to start May 23rd. Five days after our meeting, a letter reached us announcing that the Company had compromised with Riel, and a British subject might, if very civil, come to Winnipeg. Hoping the Government would be established, and certain that if something was not done war and destitution were before us, I accompanied an H. R. Company's officer, with the determination, if possible, to accomplish two objects. First: the appointment of 100 soldiers to Fort Edmonton. We have many loyal people, but no combination. Most of the roughs of last winter are going to the Saskatchewan. Second: I wished to impress on the Government the importance of sending a commissioner to visit the Crees. I would not advise that their lands should be treated for now; this might be premature; and they would be satisfied for the time if informed that they would be justly dealt with. If this is delayed, trouble is before us. There being no chance of getting anything from Canada at that time, we felt that something might be procured here. We learn that Mr. Sanford is forwarding them all right, if they get in in time for the carts. Our schools are all we can expect: well attended and well taught, but very short of books. From Bishop McCray I purchased \$40 worth - this is very fortunate.

And here let me say for my brethren, that until the country is in a settled state, there can be no regular correspondence with the Board. We appointed our District Meeting for April 25th, but such was the state of the country we had to defer. And if the Government does not send us protection I know not what we shall do. My opinion as to the Blackfeet is, that, cut off by the United States and also by the Company, they will soon come to terms, and we

stand ready to improve the first opportunity. The Crees, so far, are quiet; but by all means allow John to remain with them for the present. Our trouble is, that most of the French half-breeds will run for the Saskatchewan when the troops arrive - many are going now. How much Popery would like to frighten us out of the country! Thank the Lord, our Mission was never more prosperous.

RED RIVER, June 19th.

The Fenian flag is still up. Last week they lowered it half mast when they received the news from Canada. Priest Richot arrived on Friday, when a salute was fired. There is still a guard between here and Pembina turning back Canadians.

Yesterday, after service, I was notified that I was reported as having prayed for the soldiers.

Brother Young is held in the highest esteem by the loyal. Churchmen have said to me again and again, when our clergy counselled submission to the tyrant, "Mr. Young stood by the old flag, and by every means assisted the loyalists."

Before George McDougall returned to Victoria, the dreadful plague of small pox came from the South, devastating whole camps of Blackfeet, and entered the lodges of the Crees. Religious services were dispensed with for a time, for many lay dying and many were dead. In the midst of the trouble the missionary arrived from Fort Garry to witness heart rending scenes. The summer of 1870 was one of great sorrow, but as the winter began the disease abated and the hopes of the people became bright. Alas! they were soon to be doomed to disappointment, for the fell destroyer returned with renewed strength, breathing the foul air and scattering the inmates of the lodges,

"Blown by the blast of fate,
like a dead leaf over the desert."

Those were sad days. Three hundred died at St Albert. Hundreds of the Mountain Stonies perished, the Blackfeet fled in dismay leaving many of their unburied, and the Crees stood and helpless as hundreds of their kith and kin went down the valley of the shadow of death.

W. S. Gladstone an old employee of the Hudson Bay Company, and a true friend of the missionaries, told the writer that he passed by the Sarcee camp at the Marias river where there were one hundred lodges left standing and all were deserted. There were not less than ten dead persons in every lodge. John McDougall was laid low, but recovered after a long sickness.

The missionaries went out upon the prairies keeping the people isolated and thus aiding in destroying the disease. Every precaution was used and still it

spread. Steinhauer, Campbell and John McDougall went with their people and successfully prevented the terrible scourge from carrying off all the people.

When distant upon the plains the mission house at Victoria was visited, and George McDougall with several members of the family fell sick, and the sickness was nigh unto death. It was during the months of October and November 1870, that the Destroying Angel visited the mission-house. Flora the youngest daughter aged eleven years was stricken down and died on the 13th of October, rejoicing in the love of God. On the 28th of the same month Anna, an adopted daughter aged fourteen years was buried, and on November 1st their beloved daughter Georgina aged eighteen passed away. Anna was the daughter of a Cree chief named Ogamahwahohis, who gave her to George McDougall before he died, that she might have friends to love her. She was a lovely girl, to whom the McDougall family were much attached.

Georgina was beloved by the Indians, as she understood the Cree language and was ever desirous of doing good in every legitimate way. In the mission garden George McDougall and his son David dug graves and buried the dead. When John was still on the plains he heard the sad news and started for home, but was not permitted to enter by his father, until all danger was past. Sad were the hearts of the missionaries, still their trust was in the living God.

The people slowly recovered from this dire plague, but after many weary months all were free to move about without any fear. The work of the mission was begun with renewed energy.

Hard work was the order of the day, for young and old in the mission field. Should there be any leisure it was used in mental improvement. The missionaries set a good example to others in being especially earnest in every duty. The missionary at Victoria sought to improve himself by means of study, desultory no doubt owing to his absence from home, yet of such a character as refined and intensified his intellectual nature. His *Index Rerum* contains many apt and striking classical allusions, and these are good indications of the mental calibre and literary tastes of the man. His *Journal* and *Letters* abound with evidences of his reading, showing ability and tastes in striking contrast to nomadic life upon the plains. Many days has the writer spent reading his journals and manuscripts, and the conviction has deepened, that the missionaries were noble men of sterling piety, fertile imagination, strong in intellect, and

striking examples of masculine Christianity. "Duty" was their watchword, and "Never Despair" their motto. These men were invariably quick to detect mistakes and mishaps and ready in every emergency with a newly invented appliance as a remedy.

When the Indians left the settlement the missionary and teacher closed the church and school, and travelled with the people in their camps as from place to place they went, hunting and fishing. In an Indian lodge the schoolmaster gathered his pupils, teaching them to read, write, count and sing. Sweet voices had they, and the songs from the Sunday School hymn books were sung with zest, in the northern forests and out upon the plains. The missionary travelled from camp to camp preaching to the scattered bands, and ministering to the sick. As the morning sun arose the Indian song of thanksgiving was heard clear and strong, sung in the melodious Cree tongue by the natives in their tents.

The white traveller who has ever listened to these Cree Indian hymns, sung in church or forest, or in the lodges on the plains can never forget the thrill of satisfaction which he has felt, nor is he able to describe the emotions which made the lip quiver and the eyes fill with tears.

When the missionary party left Ontario in 1868 for the North-West, a young man named Enoch Wood Skinner was among the number. Several years were spent by him in the country, residing in the McDougall family, and during this period he learned the Cree language, studied the manners and customs of the Cree Indians and obtained much information relating to the country, and missionary life in the great lone land. He returned to Ontario and shortly after his return was led to trust in Christ as his Saviour. His soul burned with love for others, and he longed to work for God. Naturally his soul yearned for the salvation of the Cree Indians in the valleys of the Saskatchewan. After prayer and consultation it was decided to send him as assistant to Rev. John McDougall. Starting upon his journey, he arrived safely at Winnipeg, secured the necessary conveyance and outfit and pushed on toward the Saskatchewan. He joined a company of police and travelled with them, but subsequently had a half breed as a companion. After passing Fort Pitt and not far from Carlton they camped together. Early in the morning his companion left to catch the horses which were left to graze upon the prairie and had wandered away. When he returned, Enoch Wood Skinner lay dead, his run having accidentally been discharged, as he

raised it, its contents entered his body. He was taken to the English Church Cemetery at Prince Albert where he was laid to rest.

"Never again to awaken,
To the Conqueror's awful tread,
He passed alone and forsaken,
To the ccholess land of the dead.

Did he hear the soft, soft whisper,
E'er the star of his life sank down,
That the Master was needing a jewel,
To glean in his holy crown.

Out on the lonely prairie
Pillowing the martyr's head,
He lay while the stars gleamed softly,
On the upturned-face of the dead.

For he died as the hero dieth,
On the crimsoned, the blood stained sod,
But he lives in the quenchless splendor,
In that city, the city of God."

Several notable conversions took place among the Indians, during these years, one of these being that of a Cree chief named *Little Squirrel*. This chief had been a famous conjuror who prayed and beat upon his *tom tom* to drive the buffalo into the buffalo pound. Several times had he conversed freely with Christian Indians and half-breeds, and especially with George Flett, who is now an English Church missionary, about the Christian religion, contrasting it with the native religion of the Indians. Gradually his faith in the practices of the medicine men was weakened, until he saw that without the aid of the conjuror the buffalo could be killed. He kept up his practice of conjuring until challenged to give it up. When at last he determined to test the religion of the white men and not to drive the buffalo into the corral by means of charms and prayers, fearing that he might be disappointed, he laid in a stock of provisions, and awaited anxiously the day of haunting, when the buffalo were near, he stood among the people, as one of themselves.

As the buffalo drew near the people urged him to begin his prayers and enchantments, but he gently refused, until at last when pressed to do so, he told them the reason, which was to test the Christian religion. Without his songs and prayers the buffalo were caught and there was abundance of food. Gradually he lost faith in the native religion, and became more fully convinced that the Christian religion was true. He resolved to become a christian. In the spring he came to Victoria with a large number of his men

laden with fur to trade, and during this visit, accompanied by about twenty of his men he went to the Mission House. He held a long conversation with George McDougall and then made up his mind to be baptised. He arose and raising his hand delivered a speech nearly as follows:

"I have been a foolish man, going to kill the Blackfeet and steal horses. You young men used to follow me. I could not get off unnoticed, though I wished to do so sometimes, lest I might get you into trouble. Now I am going to do better. I am not going to steal any more. I am going to follow this Christian religion, for I believe it to be good. How many of you will follow me?" His son volunteered to accept the Christian faith, but not a single member of the tribe accepted the Chief's invitations. On the Sunday following, *Little Squirrel* and his son were baptised by George McDougall. They received as baptismal names George McDougall and John McDougall, after the missionary and his son. Ever faithful did the old chief prove striving by his influence to lead his Indians toward the nobler way, and seeking by precept and example to deter them from their pagan feasts and customs.

In his frequent journeys to the Red River settlement the hero of the Saskatchewan met the Rev. John Black, with whom there sprang up a friendship severed only by death. In 1851, John Black came to Kildonan as the Presbyterian minister, and was gladly welcomed by his countrymen who had patiently waited thirty-three years for a minister of their own faith. This devoted man laid the foundations of Presbyterianism in Manitoba, originated the educational work of his denomination in the same province, toiled earnestly for the welfare of the descendants of the Selkirk settlers, and sought the temporal, intellectual and spiritual well-being of the Indians and half-breeds of Manitoba. It was he who took such a great interest in the Sioux Indians of Manitoba. By his representations and entreaties a native missionary was sent to the Sioux near Birtle where he laboured with much success.

In the midst of labour, but in great feebleness of body he laid himself down to rest on February 4th, 1882. Presbyterianism owes much to him and Methodism ever found in him a true friend. The Methodist missionary from the Saskatchewan and the Presbyterian pastor from Kildonan, were as brothers, loving each other and toiling for the common weal of men. Another of the missionary's friends was Pakan, the chief of the Whitefish Lake Indians where labored faithfully.

the Rev. H. B. Steinbauer. Pakan is a tall fine looking man, with the dignified bearing of an Indian chief, and withal is an eloquent speaker. It will be remembered that during the rebellion of 1885, he was approached by some of Big Bear's Indians, and one of them becoming insolent and rebellious was slain by Pakan. After the rebellion was over, he was admired for his loyalty. He visited some of the principal towns and cities of Ontario along with two other Indians under the guidance of the Rev. John McDougall. After taking a ride on the street cars through Toronto, he was asked what impressions were being made on his mind by his visit, he replied: "It has opened the eyes of my mind. I had some thought before I left home that this would be the case. My strong desire was that my mind should be enlightened, and that I might be made to understand many things of which I was in darkness. I have been delighted to witness the power and wonderful working of the white man. Of course I feel that it is Christianity which has made this possible to the white man, and this is what I want for myself and my people. I am bewildered with the ride, I took to-night, and I do not know what to say." When attending a public meeting in the City of Winnipeg, he gave an interesting address as follows:—

"As nearly as I can learn I am now forty-six years of age, therefore I date beyond the incoming of the first missionary: and even after he came, I was distant from him and only heard by rumor of his having come. Therefore, I saw much evil: I was with my people, far away in heathenism, and in everything that was wrong. Later the missionary reached our camp, and a change began to be apparent: and bye and bye, though wild and stubborn and wicked, the change affected me. Jesus Christ touched my heart, and I also embraced his religion: and I have made him my chief from that day unto this. I owe a great debt to my old missionary who recently left us, Mr. Steinbauer: he and other missionaries have done me great good, and have also done a great and grand work for my people. Later on my people asked me to stand up for them, and I became their chief. They said try and help us on and do not set us any foolish example.


Last spring an opportunity came: we were approached with guns and asked to take up our guns against the white man. We were dared to do so, but I said in my heart: I want to keep his law, as I have embraced the law of the God: he worships. I shall not go with you nor shall any of my people. My people want to improve: I

feel we have improved wonderfully. We want to be like the white people and make progress in civilization, and that which shall be everlasting in its benefit. As I feel that you are my friends in listening to me as I speak and in welcoming me as I come before you, I ask you still to be my friends that not my band only, but my whole nation may rise in the scale of civilization and Christianity."

All the years spent at Victoria were filled with useful labor, and the missionary was enabled to look back with joy upon the toils, trials and triumphs of those stirring days on the banks of the Saskatchewan.

CHAPTER X.

EDMONTON.

 TWO hundred and twenty five miles north of Calgary, stands the town of Edmonton in one of the finest wheat growing regions of the whole North-West, and there also stands a Hudson's Bay Company's fort, which was established about 1795. The location for a village, trading-post or mission was a most excellent one.

Captain Palliser, in 1858 explored the Saskatchewan Valley, and in his report he speaks of the Edmonton District as "a belt of land varying in width, which at one period must have been covered by an extension of the Northern forests, but which has been gradually cleared by successive fires."

It is now a partially wooded country, abounding in lakes and rich natural pasturage, in some parts rivalling the finest park scenery of our own country." It was through this same region that Milton and Cheadle travelled and the latter wrote as follows:

"At Edmonton, eight hundred miles distant from Fort Garry, near the western extremity, wheat grows with equal luxuriance, and yields thirty to fifty bushels to the acre, in some instances even more. The root crops I have never seen equalled in England; potatoes get to an immense size and yield enormously. Flax, hemp, tobacco, all grow well; all the cereals appear to flourish equally well; plums, strawberries, raspberries and gooseberries, grow wild. The herbage of the prairie is so feeding that corn is rarely given to horses or cattle. They do their hard work, subsist entirely on grass, are most astonishingly fat: the draught oxen resemble prize animals at a cattle show. The horses we took with us were turned adrift at the beginning of winter, when snow had already fallen: they had been overworked and were jaded and thin. In

the spring we hunted them up, and found them in the finest condition, or rather too fat."

In the spring of 1882, the writer made a trip to Edmonton, from Fort Macleod, via Calgary, and Morley. The journey was made to Morley alone as on several previous occasions. At Morley, the party was made up of Rev. John McDougall, one or two members of his family and a Stoney Indian. We travelled from Morley, following the valley running north from beyond Ghost River, until we reached the *Lone Pine*, and then struck the Calgary trail to Edmonton. Nothing eventful occurred upon the way, except passing through a valley where stood about one hundred immense trees, leafless and well nigh branchless; the last of the giants of the forest which formerly grew in this favored spot. As we rode along, we had to ride between fallen trees hidden partly by the tall grass, the massive trunks showing few signs of decay, being exceedingly dry, and hard. We were passing through a large forest which would soon be entirely destroyed by the prairie fires, leaving not a single vestige of its former glory or even existence. Nothing now remained but these grim sentinels mutely gazing upon their fallen comrades. It must be confessed a feeling of sadness came over the writer as he rode on and thought of their stately grandeur in the former years.

Other thoughts also filled the mind, suggestive of the former condition of the prairie belt. Oftentimes in travelling over the prairies, solitary clumps of trees were seen, and always along the rivers were fringes of timber, protected from the fires by the moisture. Freely has the writer conversed with honest John Glen of Fish Creek, Alberta, Sam. Livingston, William S. Gladstone, and other notable old timers, and these have asserted that in many places upon the prairie where timber formerly grew, there is none to be found, owing to its destruction by the prairie fires. What is true concerning the timber is still more conclusive regarding the grasses. In the excellent hay bottoms prairie fires have destroyed the soil and burned almost wholly the roots of the grasses. In places where hay has been cut for two or three seasons, and especially before the hay seeds fell, the grasses have been destroyed and several years passed by, before these lands had good crops of hay.

From Morley to the Red Deer River we passed only one house and that was unoccupied. The solitary dwelling was within two or three miles from the crossing of the Red Deer. Before we reached

the single building at the edge of the river, owned by Mr. Macpherson, trader and freighter, we had concluded that the Red Deer District was the best which had been seen in the Canadian North-West.

There was ice in the river, and the water was deep, but we forded without any mishap. Some of the party were timorous, and there was sufficient cause for fear. The soil in this section of country is a rich, black loam, the timber of all sizes, good hay lands and abundance of water. Not another spot in the North-West has the writer seen, save the country lying between the Red Deer and Edmonton, and especially south of Battle River, which more closely resembled old English parks. In this region there are most excellent sites for aristocratic mansions, Nature lavishing her bounties in profusion. We passed several lakes covered with ducks and geese. Some of the lakes were not thawed out, and the ice still remained on parts of some of them, and upon the open spaces the wild fowl swam in thousands. These were grand sights to witness, almost equalling the inspiring scene of tens of thousands of buffalo which we saw in the summer of 1880, upon the prairies of Montana as we sailed up the Missouri River. At the Battle River Methodist Mission we met Chief Factor Herdisty of the Hudson's Bay Company, who was on his way to Calgary, but was detained by the swollen rivers. He returned with us to Edmonton, and a week was spent at the Hudson's Bay Fort. It took the writer five weeks to travel from the Blood Reserve to Edmonton and return including the detour to Morley and the time spent at Edmonton. It was a journey of nearly eight hundred miles to attend the District Meeting. The Saskatchewan District of the Methodist Church included at that time the whole of the North West Territories. This one district had an area larger than the combined areas of England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, France, German Empire, Italy, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, Japan, Norway and Sweden.

The Methodist missionary of that period could without boasting say: "No pent up Utiqa contracts our powers." The soil was good, and all the agricultural advantages desired by the farmer were there except a market for his grain. We were informed that on the bars of the North Saskatchewan, the miners washed for gold, and for a distance of one hundred miles up and down the river from Edmonton, the men made from three to five dollars per day. Since that time we have seen several ornaments, including a watch chain and finger rings made from Saskatch-

ewan gold. Upon our advent to Macleod in the summer of 1880, we were told of a cow having been killed there during that summer in whose stomach was found some gold. The supposition was, that some miner crossing the mountains had lost a small bag of gold dust, which the cow had eaten. In the month of August of that year, we met a party of English gentlemen who had been prospecting for gold in the mountains, and were returning. They were pausing as they travelled in the mountains, and in one section where they had been working, they found some nuggets which were reported to be valuable, but they were unable to tell the exact spot where they had gathered the dust. There were several prospectors who went out every year to search for gold, but they invariably returned empty handed. It was tantalizing to listen to their stories of the old timers who almost discovered their millions, but as if possessed of life, the gold evaded their grasp. An old friend spake to me of the Comstock Mine, and said he: "My old shanty was right over the spot where the great discovery was made." We saw at Edmonton the coal cropping out of the banks of the river, and there was a mine upon a small scale, from which the settlers obtained their coal. We thought nothing of this, for had we not seen the immense coal fields along the Belly River, and were there not private mines in operation a long time before any company was organized to work the coal fields. There was the "Sherin Mine" on Belly River, the "Kanouze Mines" on the St Mary's River, and the "Healey Mine" at Whoop Up. There was coal everywhere, even the Indians were learning its use.

It is estimated that "in the region west of Edmonton, bounded on the north by the Athabaska River, and on the south by the Red Deer River, there exists a vast coal field, covering an area of not less than 25,000 square miles: and beneath a large portion of this we may expect to find workable seams of coal at depths seldom exceeding 300 feet, and often, as in the case of the thick seams above described, very favorably situated for working by levels from the surface."

Even then, the Indians had discovered localities where minerals were to be found. The Stoney Indians and the Blood Indians have shown the writer Mineralogical specimens, but never could they be persuaded to tell where these were to be found.

Edmonton House, the fort of the Hudson's Bay Company is on the left bank of the north Saskatchewan, about one hundred feet above the river. The town

stands on an elevation behind the fort, about one hundred feet higher, and on the prairie level. The banks of the river are from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet high, densely wooded and almost perpendicular.

In 1840, Robert Terrill Rundle was sent as Methodist missionary to the Indian tribes of the Saskatchewan. Edmonton House became a centre from which he went to the Indian camps. In 1855, Thomas Woolsey brother-in-law to Mr. Rundle was sent as missionary to Edmonton House. He became an inmate of the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort, and in his missionary work most of his time was spent upon the plains with the Indians. Earnestly did he toil for the salvation of the red men, and much good was done under his ministrations. In 1857 he stationed himself at Pigeon Lake where he preached faithfully the word of life.

The following account of the trip from Red River to Edmonton in 1855, by Thomas Woolsey is worthy of being read at this date with much interest:—

Our arrival in Selkirk, alias Red River Settlement, was, to me, an event long to be remembered, as I began to realize that I was indeed "a stranger in a strange land," though my colleague had been there previously, and, consequently, was quite at home. It was then that I could institute a comparison between a former residence, for ten years in that "vast emporium of the world, the city of London," England, but, in doing so, I became quite a cosmopolitan in regard to life in its varied phases. A travelling companion, of Scotch origin, Mr. James Ross, a gentleman of more than ordinary education, soon introduced us to the Rev. John Black, Presbyterian minister, who gave us a most hearty welcome, and regarded me as his guest during our stay. He soon after favoured us with an interview with the Bishop of Rupert's Land, that distinguished prelate giving us the right hand of fellowship in a way and manner purely evangelical.

Our next interview was with Governor McTavish, to whom we presented letters of introduction from Canada. Our reception was the most gratifying, with the assurance that he would, as far as practicable, facilitate our journeyings to the regions beyond. Little did I then think that we had then entered upon a territory three millions of miles in extent, a considerable portion of which was in the hands of the Hon. the Hudson Bay Company, who, by virtue of a charter granted by Charles II. to Prince Rupert and a body of adventurers, trading into Hudson Bay, had territorial possession, as well as

absolute commercial right of such portions of the country as were drained by the Hudson Bay. Like privileges, commercially considered, were also possessed by a license from the Imperial Government, renewable every twenty-one years, over such portions as were not drained by the aforesaid expanse of waters.

After a very agreeable stay in the Settlement, we crossed to the north shore of Lake Winnipeg, where we had a very hearty reception from the Chief Factor of Norway House. This was the principal depot of the Northern Department of the H. B. Co. A great number of trading boats used to arrive there, *en route* to York Factory, a distance of 500 miles—a most difficult traverse, as no less than 45 portages had to be crossed, involving considerable delay and expense. Ross-ville Mission being proximate we had a very delightful but brief sojourn with the Rev. Thomas Hurlburt and family. He was then Chairman of our entire mission work in that land. But the time for voyaging to Edmonton House, nearly 1,000 miles distant, arrived; and we, through the courtesy of Chief Factor Sinclair, became deck passengers. We soon reached the Grand Rapids, near Cedar Lake, when I found that all the merchandise, baggage, etc., had to be carried over a portage, three miles in extent, and that all the boats had, by Herculean hands, to be drawn across the carrying place and then launched at the head of the rapids and re-loaded. Then began in reality the rowing or hauling up of the boats along the Saskatchewan River, involving considerable labour to the men employed; but as soon as we came to good tracking ground, the employees took their respective shoulder straps, secured each to a long rope fastened to the boat and then jumped overboard, waded to shore, and commenced to haul in right good earnest; but, as soon as we got to the end of the tracking ground, the men re-entered the boats and began to row most vigorously. This was repeated several times during the voyage, interspersed with occasional crossing of portages. All this seemed to me "passing strange."

Considerable variety stood connected with visiting Cumberland House, Carlton House, Fort Pitt and other places, prior to reaching Edmonton House. The mails were received with open arms, as only two deliveries were at the command of the residents of forts, etc., each year. Edmonton House was at length reached on the 26th of September, when an enthusiastic reception was given to the missionaries, Indians and whites apparently realizing that

"The noblest type of man is the Christian; The noblest type of the Christian, the Christian minister; And the noblest type of the Christian minister, the Christian missionary."

The following notes relating to Woolsey and Steinhauer, with a letter from the former, appeared in the Missionary Report for 1857. Woolsey's letter was written at Edmonton House:—

The Natives gave Messrs Woolsey and Steinhauer a joyous reception; and though they are inordinately addicted to superstition and cupidity, Mr. Woolsey's congregations on the great Plains are very attentive, and not a few have been baptized, and some of the adults added to the Church. Mr. Steinhauer, who likewise traverses the Plains in search of souls, is actively engaged at Lac-la-Biche, where preaching and the administration of the sacraments have resulted in an accession of members. Mr. Woolsey's new post, Pigeon Lake, is on the south of the Saskatchewan, and Mr. Steinhauer's on the north, and they are three or four hundred miles apart. At present they appear in the Stations under one designation, but practically they are two Missions, and of great importance. It is contemplated to remove the Lac-la-Biche station to a position isolated from Papal influence, which it is not now, and more convenient, because of its proximity to the buffaloes, for procuring food, and for pushing the work forward to the Mountains: and while the establishment of these two Missions must be most expensive and toilsome, the friends of Indian evangelization have a duty to discharge, from which they cannot shrink but to the neglect of the too-long neglected Tribes from the Saskatchewan to the Pacific coast.

Although a certain writer has declared that—"It is daring and adventurous to explore the primeval forests of America, the interminable prairies of the Far West, scorching deserts of Africa, the wilds of Borneo, or the jungles of Madagascar and New Zealand," yet such feats have been performed, and these remote regions, where nature revels in unbounded majesty, and where the impress of human civilization has been unfelt and unacknowledged for ages gone by, are now being traversed by the heralds of the Cross; and I, as one, am honoured in venturing a little further into the Far West, and establishing a mission between this and Rocky Mountain House. In taking this step I shall have to make sacrifices of which I formed but little conception twelve months ago. During our ramblings we have to camp in the open air for a suc-

sion of nights, with no covering but a fragile tent; no resting place but the cold earth. There are no kind friends to welcome us in the vast plains; no bland smile to meet us; no fair hand to give the friendly greeting, or to spread a bounteous supply for our refreshments. No; our table is God's green cushioned earth; dependent upon a kind Providence giving success to the chase; and, to crown the whole, none but Divine protection (although that is sufficient) from the prowling wolf or the ravenous bear or from man more wild than they.

In projecting this PIGEON-LAKE MISSION, it is supposed that we shall have access to the Stone Indians and the Black feet as well as the Crees. I am not apprehensive of any danger, except from the Blackfeet; but these have been so long dreaded, that I think it is about time they were given to understand that they are but men; although I must confess that when I look at this strongly-built fort, at Edmonton, and see a piece of mounted ordinance in the centre of it, and pieces in each of the bastions, and am given to understand that when these desperadoes come, the fort gates are barred and locked, and only a few allowed in at a time for purposes of trade, I am led to ask what David can do with his sling and stone? Or I should rather enquire, what can he not do through the Captain of Israel's hosts? True it is, that the Jesuits, in their earlier movements in California, "deemed it rash and inexpedient to encounter the heathen with spiritual arms only, and therefore enlisted soldiers in their service,—a kind of fellow-labourers unknown to St. Paul's missionary experience." But we, I trust, go forth with "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God;" and if our bodies fall in the conflict, our spirits will the sooner join the noble army of martyrs "who were slain for the Word of God and for the testimony which they held;" and, therefore, we calmly await the issue.

If I were to consult my own personal ease and comfort, I might wish probably to remain at the fort; but, in the first place, I should have but little access to the Indians; and, secondly, as the majority of the residents are Roman Catholics, and one or other of the priests very often here, I am afraid I should be of little service to them, for they will not attend our services. These people are most strangely given to dancing, which was carried on to such an extent at the beginning of the year, as not only to disturb my rest but also distress my mind, as my hearers were mixing so much in these

movements, as to nullify my Sabbath exertions. Added to this, as it was carried on in the very room where Divine worship was performed, I was led to speak freely on the subject. Having seriously pondered over the matter, I at last told the gentleman in charge, that I could no longer conduct public worship in that hall, giving him my reasons for taking such a step. He very kindly placed the dining-hall at my disposal, where we have worshipped ever since. Though I would not place an undue estimate upon any building, yet I believe, with Ep. Horne, that—"While man is man, religion, like man, must have a body and soul; . . . and the two parts, in both cases, will ever have a mutual influence upon each other."

It is exceedingly annoying to find the priests rendering null and void any Protestant ordinance as administered by me. And while I wish to entertain all the personal respect possible for these Romish ecclesiastics, yet, as the ordinance of baptism, administered a few weeks ago, was declared nugatory by the priest, I spoke rather plainly upon the subject, especially as the parents had promised that the child should not be re-baptised. I said—As a general thing, I would carefully avoid saying or doing anything that might prove offensive to any one in the fort; but that when I could not keep silence without violating my own conscience, or sacrificing my own religious principles, they might rest assured I should swing Saxon battle axe without fear or favour.

Mr. Rundle's late interpreter was desirous of being married to a Romanist. Her father (who is a French Canadian) did his utmost to cause him to give up *Protestantism*. This he would not do. He wished to be married by his own minister; but this could not be tolerated at all; so at last he agreed to be married by the priest, on condition that he retained his own principles. The priest was sent for, all preparation made, and the marriage expected to come off at once. But no! just at the last it was made known to him that he must abandon his religion, or she would not have him. In an instant, with a magnanimity of soul the most dignified, he said,—"*No! I will not give up my religion for any one!*" In conversing with him subsequently, I was delighted to hear a repetition of it. May his providential path be opened up!

During the Riel rebellion of 1885, Thomas Woolsey wrote the following letter which was published in the *Christian Guardian*:—

Whilst I deeply deplore the action

taken by any of the Indians in the recent out-break, I am quite certain that there has been an undue prominence given thereto, as my nine years' sojourn amongst the respective nationalities greatly prepossessed me in their favor, though I must admit that one P. J. DeSmét, a Jesuit priest, has designated the Blackfeet as "murderers, robbers, traitors, and everything that is vile!" I have, however, the greatest confidence in our Christianized Indians; and have yet to learn anything contrary to the utmost loyalty on their part. It may not be generally known that more than forty years ago the late Rev. James Evans had a form of prayers translated for the Crees and printed in the syllabic characters, the said form including the prayers for the Royal Family and others. Many of the Crees and Stone Indians were members of our Church in 1864, and would have been christened as such had I remained. In fact, my successor, the late Rev. Geo. McDougall, returned 300 as members the following year, that brother being satisfied that the labors of his predecessors had not been "in vain in the Lord." But, yet, many of the friends of our missions are wondering that greater results had not been brought about. This I will endeavor to explain, by showing that the Rev. R. T. Rundle, sent out by the Parent Society in 1840, was the first missionary in the whole of that Saskatchewan Valley, and had at length, in 1848, to return home, as he affirmed, "crushed by the climate and exposure." The work then remained in the hands of a local preacher—an Indian—until myself and Bro. Steinhauer reached there in 1855, when we at once entered upon that self-sacrificing field of labor, and unitedly co-operated in carrying on the work in that extensive region peopled by thousands of the aborigines. But what were we amongst so many? The brethren who have for the last twenty years roamed over that country have furnished their respective reports, and have, doubtless, accomplished much good, but, had the work been more extensively carried on, by more laborers being sent into that vine-yard, the heart-rendings of many a family would have been prevented and the drain upon our national exchequer been uncalled for. The workings of my mind for some days past have been so peculiar, that were I younger I would practically endorse the sentiment expressed years ago by the venerable Dr. Wood, that "not only in the army, but in the Christian Church, there are men ready to fight their battles over again!" It may not be generally known that our labors were to a very great extent confined to

the Crees and Stone Indians in the neighborhood of Edmonton House and the Rocky Mountains; and, consequently, do not regard ourselves as having ministered, except casually, to the Blackfeet and other pagan tribes.

THOMAS WOOLSEY.

Edmonton as a mission proper was begun by George McDougall in the spring of 1871. Rundle and Woolsey chose Edmonton House as a centre, but did not erect any buildings or seek to make it a separate mission. George McDougall saw the advisability of beginning work earnestly in this place, as he felt certain that it was destined to be a place of importance. It was the head of a Hudson Bay District, a rendezvous for Indians and half-breeds, and a centre of attraction. The enterprising missionary erected with the help of his friends mission premises, and the cause of God prospered among the people.

The following letter reveals the inception of the work at Edmonton as a district mission:—

"Edmonton N. W. T. Oct 23rd 1871. A party of Canadian Pacific Railway Engineers returning to Manitoba, kindly offer to take charge of our letters. For five months we have had no direct communication with the new province. Our circumstances when compared with last year, demand unfeigned gratitude. Then the terrible epidemic was upon us, and the wretched Cree and Blackfoot, driven to desperation by the plague, clamored for the blood of their enemies. For eight months these tribes have been at peace; and since last March, I have not heard of a case of small-pox. Buffalo have been plentiful, and the harvest good. The forerunner of civilization is now inspecting our rich plains—the engineer—taking the altitude of our mountains, and slowly, but surely opening a way to the great Pacific. For many years the Wesleyan Missionary has labored to direct public attention to the vast and fertile plains of British Central America. Now, men of the world will corroborate their statements, and consummate the work.

We expect to complete the new Mission-house by the first of December. The building is 23 by 33 feet; two stories high, and celled with boards. Altogether, it will be one of the best finished buildings in the country. We have also completed a stable,—dimensions, 30 by 15 feet. These erections, not including our own labor, will cost over twelve hundred dollars; of this sum we have collected seven hundred and fifty dollars, and we

— JUST ISSUED IN PAMPHLET FORM. —

THE HERO OF THE SASKATCHEWAN

Life Among the Ojibway and Cree Indians in Canada.

BY

JOHN MCLEAN, M.A., PH.D.

(ROBIN RUSTLER.)

Author of "The Indians of Canada"—"James Evans, Inventor of the Syllabic System of the Cree Language"—&c. &c.



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The work gives an interesting and full account of MR. McDOUGALL'S missionary labors amongst the Indians at Alderville, Garden River, Rama, Norway House, and in the Saskatchewan Valley, where he perished on the broad prairies of the far west. A more interesting story than the life of this good man could not be found.

(Address)

expect our good friends in the Saskatchewan will help us to make up the balance.

This winter we hope to procure materials for a commodious school-house, as we have thought it best not to attempt a church for the present. The general opinion is that Edmonton will be the capital of the Western Province. One thing is evident, it will be the head of navigation; and in view of these facts, we must act for the future. At present our prospects are hopeful, the shadow of death that covered the land is gone, and the great sorrow has been sanctified. For the first time, in many years, peace reigns on the Plains, and the Missionary has access to all the tribes. Our schools are doing a good work but what are we amongst so many? Not ten miles from Edmonton, and at one Mission, there are eight priests. Popery stands ready for every opening. Friends of truth, to you we appeal; through your liberality, and in obedience to the great command, we came to this far off land. Will you sustain us by increasing our number, by enabling us to rescue the multitude of suffering children? Our only hope for the future success of these missions depends upon the moral and religious training of the young, of whom scores, if not hundreds, might now be gathered into our schools. Nor are the claims of the natives the only ones that demand immediate action: our noble country will shortly be the home of tens of thousands of the sons and daughters of Canada—the broad field on which they will find ample scope for their energy. Already the adventurous Canadian mingles with the mixed blood and the native in our Sabbath services. To meet the wants of their ever-increasing numbers, we must have more men.

Above all, we beseech you pray for us, that a baptism of the Holy Spirit may rest upon your agents, and upon the struggling Missions of this land.

GEORGE McDougall.

Numerous settlers were to be found around this post, as well as the employees of the Company. The religious services were therefore well attended, and much appreciated. Before and after the Mission-house was built and until a church was erected the Sabbath School and public services were held in the Fort.

In 1868 the Rev. Peter Campbell was stationed at Edmonton but he made his home at Pigeon Lake, now called Woodville. He preached at Woodville, Rocky Mountain House and Edmonton, until

the Chairman of the District left Victoria for Edmonton; when he sent Mr. Campbell to occupy Victoria. This faithful worker was zealous in the discharge of his duties, heedless of danger and never sparing himself in preaching the gospel. Before leaving Woodville for Victoria, when the Chairman was living at Edmonton and John McDougall was stationed at Victoria, Mr. Campbell wrote as follows respecting his work:—

"I have tried as regularly as possible to go to the Mountain House once every month, but the distance being about 126 miles by the summer trail, and a great part of the road almost impassable—especially if the season is wet—it is by no means an easy journey to perform. However, at the risk of injuring my animals and exposing my health, I have tried to keep my appointments, knowing the reward was sure and the record on high. Such assurances are worth more than gold to the servant of God. Often in my long and wearisome journeys have such reflections cheered the lonely hours and strengthened my heart for greater toils. The people of the Fort are always very glad to see me, and listen attentively to the truths of the Gospel. Most of them are Protestants, and in their fatherland received instruction in the truths of the Bible. Frequently we meet the Stoneys there, as it is the post where the majority of them do their trading. In September, I spent six days at the Fort; had services four times on the Sabbath,—twice for the benefit of the English-speaking portion of the people, and twice for the Stoneys, who had pitched in a few days before, and remained for the purpose of seeing the minister, as I was, according to promise, expected at that time. During the week days we had two services, so that my time was spent in trying to lead these poor wanderers to God. In the six days, I held fourteen services and baptized three children. I left for home on the 24th of the month, promising to meet the Mountain Stoneys again about the 20th of October, as they all expected to be at the Fort then to do their fall trading, and obtain supplies for the winter. On the 15th of October, I started again for the Mountain Fort, and found many of the Stoneys already there and a few tents of Blackfeet. I spent twelve days at the Mountain Fort, and during that time I baptized eight children and two women, and married one couple. I also took the names of all the men, women, and children belonging to the Mountain Stoneys; also the names of all who are trying to "lead new lives," as I thought it would be an item of interest to you."

Peter Campbell removed to Victoria and John McDougall went to Woodville.

The history of the latter, we shall treat of separately before our task is done. The former spent five years in the Saskatchewan, striving to elevate by the preaching of the Gospel half-breeds, Indians and white people, and those years so full of toil, hardship and danger were not lacking in spiritual fruits.

An important event in the history of Methodism took place, namely the assembling of the first Conference for Manitoba and the North-west Territories. The Conference assembled on the morning of July 26th, 1872, in the Wesleyan Church, Winnipeg, with the following members:—

The Rev. Wm. Morley Punshon, LL.D.,
President of the Conference.

The Rev. Enoch Wood D.D.,
Secretary of the Missionary Society; and
John Macdonald, Esq, Treas. of the Society.

*Deputation from the Committee and
Conference:*

The Rev. George Young, Winnipeg.
Chairman of the Red River District.

The Rev. George McDougall, Edmonton
House, *Chairman of the Saskatchewan
District.*

The Rev. Michael Fawcett, High Bluff.

The Rev. Henry B. Steinhauer,
White Fish Lake.

The Rev. Peter Campbell, Victoria.

The Rev. John McDougall, Woodville.

The Rev. E. R. Young, Rossville,
Norway House.

The Rev. Matthew Robison, High Bluff.

The Rev. A. Bowerman, Winnipeg.

George Edwards, a Candidate for the ministry, employed by the Chairman, was also present.

Those in attendance comprised all the missionary workers in the country, except J. Sinclair, Native Teacher at Oxford House. Long distances had some of these men to travel to reach Winnipeg, some of them being twenty days and one party twenty-five on their journey. Instead of being billeted as in these better days, the ministers from the Saskatchewan District camped out, preferring to stay in the outskirts of Winnipeg where they could have their horses in pasture, rather than occupy any of the homes of the people. During the stay of the deputation from the East,—some four or five days—Dr. Punshon gave two of his famous Lectures “*Daniel in Babylon*” and “*The men of the Mayflower*.” One of these Lectures was delivered in the Methodist Church, presided over by James W. Taylor Esq., United States Consul, and the other in the Hudson's Bay Company's new warehouse,

which had for chairman, His Excellency Governor Archibald.

Several important measures were introduced to the Conference. It was felt desirable to establish a College at Winnipeg, and John Macdonald, Treasurer of the Missionary Society was requested to wait upon Donald A. Smith, Esq., M.P., Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and lay the matter before him. This was done and the enterprise seemed to impress the Governor so favorably, that he gave his assurance, that if the Wesleyan Church established a College, the Hudson's Bay Company would provide gratuitously sufficient land for this purpose.

The establishment of a new mission upon the Bow River, as a favorable point to operate among the Blackfeet was recommended. This mission was subsequently established, and was named Morleyville after Wm. Morley Punshon. An interesting event took place in the ordination of John McDougall.

The *Toronto Globe* correspondent in the issue of August 16, 1872, in a letter under the heading “*Manitoba Affairs: Winnipeg, August 1st, 1872,*” stated that the Wesleyan Church in Winnipeg was far in advance of that of any other denomination there, and its development had been so rapid, that it would be creditable to any town in Ontario.

George McDougall and his party turned their faces toward the Saskatchewan on the second day of August 1872. Upon the same day the Sandford Fleming Expedition left Fort Garry for the trip across the plains. That memorable journey has been well described by Principal Grant of Queen's College, the Secretary of the Expedition, in his book “*Ocean to Ocean*.” George McDougall with his Cree servant Souzie overtook the party when thirty-three miles beyond Winnipeg. They parted for awhile at Rat Portage but were reunited at Fort Ellice. The missionary party travelled more leisurely under the guidance of John McDougall. During the early part of the journey, Mr. McDougall did not know that in the expedition there was a minister in the person of the Secretary, consequently, he acted as spiritual adviser and preacher, but genuine religion always will become manifest. Souzie observed one day the author of *Ocean to Ocean* upon his knees in prayer in secret, and he very speedily informed his master that there must be a praying-man in the camp. From that hour Principal Grant and the Cree Indian Missionary conducted the services in unison. Agreeable to a resolution passed at the first Winnipeg Conference asking the General Missionary Committee to

send an officer of the Society or a Senior member of the Conference to visit the remote missions, Lachlin Taylor D.D., Secretary of the Missionary Society left Toronto on May 5th, 1873, upon this mission. Nine days afterward Dr. Taylor with two companions, Rev. J. B. Armstrong and Jacob Hains Esq of Morrisburg reached Winnipeg. A congregation of nearly three hundred listened to the Doctor's morning sermon. In his report of his trip he speaks of Dr. George Young's faithful ministration among the people, and his forethought in anticipating the necessities of many of the missionaries in the country and his kindness in granting relief. Referring to the dark days of the Riel Rebellion and the murder of Scott, he bears testimony to the fact that Dr. George Young stood by the side of the poor man, tying at his request the bandage more tightly over his eyes, and administered spiritual consolation to him a minute or two before he was shot. After a visit to Norway and Oxford House, Dr. Taylor started across the plains with John McDougall as his guide and companion. At Fort Pitt they met George McDougall, Peter Campbell and their Indian boys. All the missions were inspected, the district now named Alberta was passed through, the site for the Morleyville mission was visited. A night was spent with some whiskey traders at Fort Whoop Up, and ultimately Fort Benton on the Missouri reached, when Dr. Taylor bade farewell to George McDougall, his son John, Bro Snyder and their servants. The homeward journey was attended with danger, but Edmonton was reached in safety, and work prosecuted with energy, relying upon the blessing of God in the saving of men.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BLACKFEET.

A short time after the visit of Lachlin Taylor to the valley of the Bow, the new mission to the Stoney Indians was commenced. In November, 1873, Morleyville became a reality and the erection of buildings was begun in earnest. John McDougall, his wife and three children located there. In the hills about three miles back of the present site of the mission, among the trees, they built the first mission premises. When visited by the writer they were arranged on the plan of a square fort, all the buildings opening into the square. This was done for protection against enemies. The location was fully twelve miles from the site of the Old Bow Fort.

Early in the summer of 1874, George McDougall visited Victoria and Athabasca, and then went to cheer the mission family at Morley. In the autumn he departed with his family across the prairies on a visit to Ontario. Mrs. McDougall had not been among her friends in the east for fourteen years, and the trip though long and arduous was cheerful through hope of meeting old friends.

For several years the zealous missionary had earnestly endeavoured to frustrate the hopes and plans of the whiskey-traders. The trade in buffalo robes had assumed such proportions that several traders from the United States had been induced to enter the country of the Blackfeet to carry on their trade. In trading with the people, the temptation proved too strong for their trader to evade the Indians' liking for liquor, and accordingly whiskey of the worst kind was introduced, and some terrible scenes followed. Many of the Indians drank the liquor until they died, and murders were frequent. Fifty thousand robes, the missionary said, were annually traded for among the Indians, which were worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and the Indians received for them nothing but alcohol. Not alone were the robes sold, but the horses which they owned were given for liquor and the few necessities which sufficed to sustain life. Crime increased and the Indians decreased. The Blackfeet and Crees beheld the fearful consequences of this traffic and were anxious for its suppression. A meeting was held at the call of George McDougall and Chief Factor Christie of the Hudson's Bay Company, at which a petition was drawn up, to be sent to the Dominion authorities, requesting measures to be adopted for the overthrow of the liquor trade among the Indians, and the maintenance of law and order in the country. This petition asked that a military force be sent to the country for this purpose. The missionary by letters and interviews sought the object he desired. Chief Factor Christie had in 1871, brought the matter before Governor Archibald, and Chief Sweet Grass, head chief of the Crees in his message sent to the Governor at the same time, said among other things "We want you to stop the Americans from coming to trade on our lands, and giving firewater, ammunition and arms to our enemies the Blackfeet." The Dominion authorities had issued a proclamation prohibiting the traffic in spirituous liquors to Indians and others and the use of strychnine in the destruction of animal life, but the evils of the liquor traffic still existed. In 1873, the

Dominion Parliament passed an Act to establish and appoint a military force for the North West. This force, known as the *North West Mounted Police*, numbered at first, three hundred men, with the proportionate complement of officers. At the time George McDougall and his family were crossing the plains, the Mounted Police were making the famous "*Trip of '74*."

Leaving Dufferin on July 8th the first column of the force began its march across the plains under the command of Colonel French. About the middle of September the main column reached the Old Man's River. A. B. C. and F. divisions being left there under the Assistant-Commissioner Lieut-Colonel Macleod, during that winter temporary quarters were built which finally became Fort Macleod. One dozen men under Colonel Jarvis parted from the main column at Roche Percee for Edmonton where they arrived on the second day of November. Under the efficient administration of the Commissioner Lieut-Col. Macleod, law and order was established in the country, the whiskey traffic among the Indians entirely suppressed, and life made secure.

The missionary reached Toronto in September during the session of the First General Conference which began in the Metropolitan Church on the sixteenth day of that month.

The autumn and winter were spent in addressing meetings in the interests of missions. Great enthusiasm was aroused among the people by these addresses, and the missionary cause was greatly blessed.

In the spring a visit was made to Scotland and England. Deep interest in our Northwest Indian Missions was the result of several meetings which he addressed in London. Early in July, 1875, the missionary and his family left Toronto for the Saskatchewan. About the same time the Rev. Dr. Enoch Wood, President of the Toronto Conference started for Winnipeg to ordain several young ministers whose term of probation had expired and who had been received into full connection at the conference previously held. About a week before this time the missionary Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada met in Hamilton, Ontario, and decided to begin a mission in Manitoba, and to extend its operations to the Saskatchewan. Between three and four thousand dollars were subscribed toward this object, the Rev. J. Gardiner was instructed to proceed to Manitoba with a view to beginning the enterprise and a missionary was to be sent to the field, as soon as all the arrangements had been completed.

As George McDougall was on his way home, he learned that the Indians in the Saskatchewan Valley were very uneasy. This had arisen from the presence of parties constructing a telegraph line and in the survey of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and a party belonging to the Geological Survey. Not understanding the reasons for the presence of these parties and the work in which they were engaged, there had been collision and serious consequences were expected. Lieutenant Governor Morris obtained permission from the Dominion authorities to send a messenger to treat with the Indians, and he at once selected the man, whom we are attempting to describe. Although he was anxious to reach home with his family, when the Lieut-Governor requested him to visit the Indian camps, he patriotically took his wife, leaving the other members of his family to follow him and set out upon his mission. He bore with him a letter from Governor Morris, stating that Commissioners would visit them during the summer, to confer with them as to a treaty. He visited the Indian camps, comprising four thousand nine hundred and seventy six souls, and was very successful in his mission.

His report to the Lieutenant-Governor is as follows:—

Morleyville, Bow River,
Rocky Mountains,
Oct. 23rd, 1875.

To His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Morris:

SIR,—In accordance with my instructions, I proceeded with as little delay as possible to Carlton, in the neighborhood of which place I met with forty tents of Crees.

From these I ascertained that the work I had undertaken would be much more arduous than I had expected, and that the principal camps would be found on the south branch of the Saskatchewan and Red Deer Rivers.

I was also informed by these Indians that the Crees and Plain Assiniboines were united on two points:

1st. That they would not receive any presents from Government until a definite time for treaty was stated.

2nd. Though they deplored the necessity of resorting to extreme measures, yet they were unanimous in their determination to oppose the running of lines, or the making of roads through their country until a settlement between the Government and them had been effected. I was further informed that the danger of a collision with the whites was likely to

arise from the officious conduct of minor Chiefs—who were anxious to make themselves conspicuous, the principal men of the large camps being much more moderate in their demands. Believing this to be the fact, I resolved to visit every camp and read them your message, and in order that your Honor may form a correct judgment of their disposition towards the Government, I will give you a synopsis of their speeches after the message was read. Mistahwahsis, head chief of the Carlton Indians, addressing the principal Chief of the Assiniboines, and addressing me, said: "That is just it, that is all we wanted." The Assiniboines addressing me said: "Our heart is full of gratitude, foolish men have told us that the Great Chief would send his young men to our country until they outnumbered us, and that then he would laugh at us, but this letter assured us that the Great Chief will act justly toward us."

Beardy, or the Hairy Man, Chief of the Willow Indians, said: "If I had heard these words spoken by the Great Queen I could not have believed them with more implicit faith than I do now." The Sweet Grass was absent from camp when I reached the Plain Crees, but his son and the principal men of the tribe requested me to convey to the Great Chief at Red River, their thanks for the presents received, and they expressed the greatest loyalty to the Government. In a word, I found the Crees reasonable in their demands, and anxious to live in peace with the white men. I found the Big Bear, a Saulteaux, trying to take the lead in their council. He formerly lived at Jack Fish Lake, and for years has been regarded as a troublesome fellow. In his speech he said: "We want none of the Queen's presents; when we set a fox-trap we scatter pieces of meat all round, but when the fox gets into the trap we knock him on the head: we want no bait, let your Chiefs come like men and talk to us." These Saulteaux are the mischief makers through all this western country and some of them are shrewd men.

A few weeks since, a land speculator wished to take a claim at the crossing on Battle River, and asked the consent of the Indians. One of my Saulteaux friends, sprang to his feet and pointing to the east, said: "Do you see that great white man (the Government) coming!" "No" said the spectator. "I do" said the Indian, "and I hear the tramp of the multitude behind him, and when he comes you can drop in behind him, and take up all the land claims you want: but until then I caution you to put up no stakes in our country." It was very fortunate for

me that Big Bear and his party were a very small minority in camp. The Crees said they would have driven them out of camp long ago, but were afraid of their medicines, as they are noted conjurers.

The topics generally discussed at their council and which will be brought before the Commissioner are as follows in their own language. "Tell the Great Chief that we are glad the traders are prohibited bringing spirits into our country: when we see it, we want to drink it, and it destroys us; when we do not see it we do not think about it. Ask for us a strong law, prohibiting the free use of poison (Strychnine).

It has almost exterminated the animals of our country, and often makes us bad friends with our white neighbors. We further request that a law be made, equally applicable to the Half-Breed and Indian, punishing all parties who set fire to our forest or plain. Not many years ago, we attributed a prairie fire to the malevolence of an enemy, now every one is reckless in the use of fire, and every year large numbers of valuable animals and birds perish in consequence. We would further ask that our chiefships be established by the Government. Of late years almost every trader sets up his own Chief and the result is we are broken up into little parties, and our best men are no longer respected."

I will state in connection with this, some of the false reports I had to combat in passing through this country, all calculated to agitate the native mind. In the neighborhood of Carlton an interested party went to considerable trouble to inform the Willow Indians that I had \$3,000 for each band as a present from the Government, and nothing in my long journey gave me greater satisfaction than the manner in which these Indians received my explanation of the contents of my letter of instructions. At the Buffalo Lake I found both Indians and Half-Breeds greatly agitated. A gentleman passing through their country had told them that the Mounted Police had received orders to prevent all parties killing buffalo or other animals, except during three months in the year, and these are only samples of the false statements made by parties who would rejoice to witness a conflict of races.

That your Honor's message was most timely, there are ample proofs.

A report will have reached you before this time that parties have been turned back by the Indians, and that a train containing supplies for the telegraph contractors, when west of Fort Pitt, were met by three Indians and ordered to return.

Now after carefully investigating the matter and listening to the statements of all parties concerned, my opinion is, that an old traveller amongst Indians would have regarded the whole affair as too trivial to be noticed. I have not met a Chief who would bear with the responsibility of the act Personally I am indebted both to the missionaries and the Hudson's Bay Company's officials for their assistance at the Indian Councils.

Believing it would be satisfactory to your Honor and of service to the Commissioners, I have kept the number of all the tents visited and the names of the places where I met the Indians. By reckoning eight persons to each tent, we will have a very close approximate to the number of Indians to be treated with at Carlton, and Fort Pitt. There may have been a few tents in the forest, and I have heard there are a few Creeks at Lesser Slave Lake and Lac la Biche, but the number cannot exceed twenty tents.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

G. McDougall.

The missionary before leaving Toronto had been authorized to establish a new mission one hundred miles south of the Bow River. Towards this object the Methodist Sunday School at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, had volunteered to support the new mission to the extent of one thousand dollars a year. A trip was made into the country of the Blackfeet and a site was selected for the mission at Pincher Creek, Southern Alberta, thirty miles west of Fort Macleod. It was named the Play-ground Mission, from Old Man's River, which was known at the time as Play-ground River thus named from a Blackfoot tradition of Napioa, the Old Man having sported himself like a child, using large rocks for marbles. The Indians still show the traveller the large stones which Napioa played in his game. The site of the mission is now in the centre of the finest stock-raising district in Canada. There is not to-day in the whole Dominion a better district for stock-raising than the stock ranges of Pincher Creek. Alas! the mission was never established by the faithful man, for ere his plans were laid, God called him home. This Play-ground Mission was the mission to the Blackfeet.

The project was never carried out. After the death of the missionary, Miss Barrett went to Fort Macleod and started a day-school for Indians and half breeds. Six months afterward Henry M. Manning arrived as the first missionary to the

white settlers, and he held a few services at Pincher Creek. In 1880, the writer was ordained as missionary to the Blackfoot Indians and went to Fort Macleod, as successor to George McDougall. Regular services were held at the Indian Farm, Pincher Creek, and at the Mounted Police Barracks, Pincher Creek. On the first Sunday in August, 1880, service was begun at the Mountain Mill, fifty miles west of Macleod, and subsequently regular appointments were made at the Galt Saw Mill in the Porcupine Hills.

Two months after the mines were opened at Lethbridge by Mr. Wm. Stafford, foreman of the mine, the writer began regular service there, which was maintained until the Indian work on the Blood Reserve became too heavy to allow of any outside work. The beginnings of mission work in Southern Alberta among the white settlers and Indians, will be found fully described in the author's *History of the Blackfoot Indians*.

All too soon to our human vision, the strong man was laid low, and the Play-ground Mission was never developed, the sheep becoming scattered and the wandering tribes left to mourn the loss of one whom they had trusted and hoped to find a teacher and a friend.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAST HUNT.

IN this wonderland of the west, the missionary had to depend upon his energy and good judgment to secure success for his various enterprises, and from his small salary to support the mission family.

During the autumn and winter the preachers of the Cross donned their suits of buckskin and away to the plains they rode in search of buffalo, heeding not the hard work nor the necessary endurance. Brave, generous and kind were the missionaries of the early days, as the men are to-day. Life upon the prairie, however, in times of solitude united men more closely and firmly than is possible to be done in this age of railroads, when each man is too much occupied with his own affairs to be able to give any time to his neighbor's plans. In January, 1876, herds of buffalo were reported to be on the plains, and a party from the Morley Mission was organized, consisting of George McDougall, his son John and his nephew Moses, who started out to get the winter's supply of meat.

An Indian, and his son about twelve years of age, joined the mission party. Away they sped with great hopes of success, each member of the small party

being in good health and of an active disposition.

On Monday, January 24th. the party was about eight or ten miles from Fort Bresboise, now known as Calgary. Upon the afternoon of that day John McDougall ran the buffalo, killing six animals after much hard work, and darkness came on before they were all skinned, the meat dressed and placed upon the sleds. The camp was about eight miles from the place where the buffalo were killed, and about thirty miles from Morley. Father and son worked hard preparing the meat to take home, and then the former made some coffee and a hasty meal was eaten. One of the animals was generously given to the Indian, as he had been unsuccessful in the hunt. The last animal was dressed and placed upon the sled and the party started in Indian fashion for the camp, the Indian and his son leading and the others following, all being guided by John McDougall. Father and son conversed awhile as they travelled camp-ward, and when within two miles of their destination the aged missionary told his son that he would go ahead and get supper ready for the party. Pointing to a star which stood over the camp, and assured that the way was short and easy, he rode off into the darkness. The rest of the party followed slowly with their loads of meat, but they were not long in getting to the lodge. All was dark. The fire which they had hoped to see blazing was out and Muses was sound asleep in the lodge. Father was not there, and the heart of the son was quick to perceive the imminent danger of the veteran missionary. Guns were fired, a search was made, but there was no response. It was a cold night, and hope died not in the hearts of the brave men. Early in the morning the search was continued, but the energetic attempts made were fruitless.

A severe storm set in, such as would destroy any human being. His faithful horse was found five days after he started for the lodge, but the master was not found. The settlers in the country were aroused, and aided by the Mounted Police, Half-Breeds and Indians, the country was scoured. Twelve days passed by and no tidings of the lost man. It was Monday evening that he had lost his way, and two weeks had nearly passed by. Upon the thirteenth day, which was Sunday, a half-breed who had been out hunting, and was going for the buffalo which he had killed, accidentally found the body of the sainted missionary of the Saskatchewan, not far from the camp which he had earnestly but unsuccessfully sought. Reverently placing it upon his sled, he

bore it to his lodge, where an Indian woman kindly covered it with her shawl. That Sunday afternoon was a sad one to the missionary family. Sadly the funeral procession travelled toward Morley, bearing the remains of one of Canada's peasant sons who had toiled nobly for the uplifting of men, and died amid labors abundant.

Although the hearts of the mourners were filled with sorrow, it was the march of a conquering hero.

Vanquished he was not, for he entered triumphantly the "home over there."

By a strange Providence the noted prairie traveller and hunter lost his way. The man who had crossed the plains many times, and always felt at home upon the boundless prairies, at last lay down upon the beautiful snow, stretched out his limbs and arranged his body as if for burial, conscious to the last that all hope had fled, and now he must go home to God.

A stranger might have fallen, but this man, above all others, to think that he should fall, we did not expect it. Nay, we thought that storms could never deter him from duty, and danger only nerved him to undertake greater things for God and man. God's ways are mysterious, and we abide the dictates of His Providence, for, "He doeth all things well." Several years ago a half-breed informed the writer that he saw George McDougall walking through the snow during the heavy storm, leading his horse, but knew not that he was lost. We shall never know what befel him, and why he lost his way, until in the great recognition time we meet again in our Father's House.

The country was deeply stirred when they heard of the sad occurrence. Far and wide the news spread, and great was the lamentation.

Various accounts were given of the death of the devoted missionary, but we give place to an account rendered by the widow in her hour of bereavement.

Mrs. McDougall wrote the following letter to her mother which gives in detail an account of the loss of the devoted missionary:—

MORLEYVILLE, BOW RIVER.

Feb. 15th, 1876.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have just come from the grave of my dear husband, who was buried last week, on the 10th of this month. I hardly know how to give you a detailed account of his death, but I must try and do so. It is very sad to have the painful duty of writing. Four weeks ago from this day my dear husband left home with our son John, and his nephew Moses McDougall, and two Indians, for

the purpose of hunting and bringing in meat, the buffalo being now not more than thirty miles from this place. The snow being deep and the weather cold they had but little success till the next Monday, when late in the afternoon they killed six animals. These had to be skinned and cut up and loaded upon the sleds. When done, they started for the tent, nearly four miles distance. Having left Moses at the tent, who was complaining of not being well that morning, his uncle was anxious about him and expressed his desire to hurry on and see how matters were and have a good fire ready when John and the Indians should come. At first John objected, as they were still two miles from the tent, but his father urged it would be better. So being on horseback he rode off at a gallop. John and his party followed slowly. When they reached the tent, what was their surprise and consternation to find no father, only Moses fast asleep and fire about out. The sleeper was awakened, but he had not seen his uncle. The night being clear they judged from the stars that it was about ten o'clock. They re-loaded their guns and went upon the highest places they could and fired a great number of shots, and also in the valley; but to no purpose. After passing a sleepless night, at early dawn John started out in quest of the horses, for he thought his dear father might have been thrown, and if so, his horse would be with the others. He was greatly relieved to find his father's horse was not with the band. He spent the day in riding in every direction and firing shots till late in the evening, but no father was to be found. This was Tuesday. Wednesday was very stormy, fearful drifts, no leaving the tent. Through the day he thought it possible that his father, in his wanderings the first night, had been going in the direction of home, and when day-light came, he would find the road and have gone there. This left him to come home, but no father was there. Next morning early, he started out with David and two others, and went down to where the mounted police are stationed, forty miles from this, in hopes they might find him there. He was not there and had not been heard of. A number of the police, with captain and officers, and others turned out and rode all over for miles; but no vestige of our dear one could be found. Some of the party came to some tents occupied by half-breeds, among whom was a boy who said he had seen a white man riding a dark colored horse on Tuesday afternoon. He rode around in a circle, then stopped his horse, got off, and

knelt down for some time, holding the horse by the rein, then he re-mounted and went on the way, as the boy thought, to a place called Elbow, where some families are staying. Saturday the horse came to a tent that stood near the road homeward, without any saddle. All these days, the dear boys enduring so much distress and suspense, I was from home. I had gone down the river sixty miles, on a visit to our daughter Nellie's home. The first Sabbath I was there my dear husband was with the mounted police and preached twice for them. On Monday he came to Nellie's and staid till Wednesday morning. When he left for home he was so well and hearty, little did we think we were bidding him good bye, looking on his smiling face for the last time. Arrangements were made that I should meet him in two weeks from the next Saturday, at the mounted police station, as he would be there to preach at the appointed time. Accompanied by Nellie, I went, expecting to meet him. Instead we found John and David with others; they had just come from a general search for their father. They greeted us, I thought, with rather a sad salutation, but it being dark, we did not see their faces; nothing was said to give us any clue that there was anything wrong that had transpired. The family at whose house we stopped were very kind. Supper being ready, we all drew round the table. Conversation was very dull. When near through supper a priest came in, and the first words he uttered were, speaking to John: "Mr. McDougall, I am very sorry for your misfortune." The cold chills ran through me, and looking at Nellie, I was startled; she was very pale. Turning to John, I mustered up courage to ask what misfortune had happened. David spoke: "Mother, we may as well tell you first as last; father left John on his way to go to the tent, lost his way and has not been found yet, and this is the 9th day." You may judge my feelings and Nellie's. But still there was a ray of hope; as some Sarcees were camped a little further north, he might be there; a party was out to see. In the meantime we came home, John and David to get fresh horses and a supply of provisions. All the men in the place went. They travelled two together for three days; on the fourth day near noon, signals were made, they gathered at the tent, there to find the body of my dear husband. A party that were out had found it, and brought it to his sorrowing sons. He was found lying as if some kind hand had been there; one hand lay on his breast, the other a little on the side, his eyes and lips

closed, and a smile on his countenance, his legs and feet in the right position ready for burial; when he lay down to die he must have had great presence of mind. Our comfort is we feel assured that Jesus was with him in the trying hour. When the corpse was brought home, and I was feeling so bad, my dear son George put his arms around me saying: "Mother, don't weep, father was not alone; the angels of heaven were hovering over him, waiting to take him home to be with Jesus." We all think he could not get lost. The opinion of every one is that he became snow-blind; some think he was taken ill; it is a mystery to all. It has been a severe trial to write, but dear mother, for your sake I have tried to do my best. I close with dearest love to brother and sister and yourself, in which George unites.

ELIZABETH MCDUGALL.

The following is part of a letter written by George McDougall to Dr. Lachlan Taylor, and received by him about the time that news reached Toronto that the North-West missionary was frozen to death:—

MORLEYVILLE, BOW RIVER,
Rocky Mountains,
Nov. 8th, 1875.

DEAR DR. TAYLOR,—Strike, but hear me. Ever since I parted with you in Glasgow, with the exception of three fine days on the Atlantic, I have been incessantly engaged. In Montreal I spent a Sabbath with your old friend of Great St. James, then hastened on to Kingston, only to be there one evening; thence to Toronto, where preparations had to be made for the North West. Our schoolmasters and their families required no small assistance in getting ready. On reaching Winnipeg, we ascertained that the freighters had all left, and our only resource was to buy up a bull-train, and drive it up to the Rocky Mountains. In this we have been successful, reaching Morleyville on the 21st of October. Since then, John and I have visited Fort McLeod, which stands on the very spot where the fight took place at the time that we crossed Playground River. We were very kindly received, both by the officers and men, seventy in number. A wonderful change has come over the scene; quite a village has sprung up, large stores, filled with English goods, have been erected. We purpose locating our new mission about thirty miles west of that point; the prospect is magnificent, rich land and abundance of timber. Perhaps we cannot give the new Mission a better name than the literal translation of the Indian name. Tradition tells us that Nabnebohyon, in passing over his great works, was so de-

lighted with the prospect he beheld from the gorge in the mountain, through which the river flows, that he sat down and played with some stones. We were shown a collection of rocks, some of them more than a ton weight, that the old man had placed in a row, and a vast granite pile near the opening into the plain the wonderful worker had placed there as a monument in memory of his visit. You will have learned from the papers that I was commissioned by the Ottawa Government to visit the Crees and Plain Stonies, with the view of effecting a treaty with them next summer.

—I was three months continuously travelling amongst these Indians. I found them very reasonable; with one exception, they expressed themselves delighted with the prospect of having a settlement with the Government.

Bro. Manning only arrived in time to save us from utter ruin at Edmonton. On the very spot selected at Morleyville when you were present, the body of a church now stands erect; and a little to the east of that spot a mission house and a small schoolhouse. David and young McKenzie have an establishment just across the little creek, and the H. B. Co. one at Ghost River. Not far below where we crossed the Bow River, the mounted police have a fort, where there is a fine opening for doing good, as a large number of people are collecting in the neighborhood. Dr. Verrey, the gentleman from whose mother I received a letter while at 17 Gough Square, as you will remember, is, strange to say, teaching our mission school, and takes a deep interest in the young people; our medical friend is a valuable member of the community. You will be glad to learn that the alcohol trade has nearly subsided. I learned a good deal about the "roughs" that you saw at "Kipp" and "Whop up," during my visit to McLeod. The Spaniard that gave you the can fruit was killed by the German who told you he had seen you in South America; alas! for the wicked; more than half of the men that you saw collected on that occasion have passed into eternity. There has been a great deal spoken and written about the mounted police, but the fact is, they have performed a grand work in this country, and now that they have a chain of posts located at McLeod, Bow River, that valley on the Red Deer, where you fired at the bull, and Fort Edmonton, the prospect is, that security for life and property will be guaranteed in the future. I must now, I suppose, tell you about our plans for the winter. We reached here too late to build at Playground River, so we decided to winter at Morleyville; my

schoolmaster is a carpenter ; I am, as you are aware, a piece of one, so that we have decided to stay and help John through with his church. John is now off for Buffalo meat, and I am engaged in the erection of a workshop. We must have a church ; there are six hundred Stonies that regard this place as their home. I visited one of their camps last week where there were four hundred and sixty. These worthy children of the mountain deserve encouragement, and I hope before the end of April a snug little church will be opened for their benefit.

I am sending Dr. Wood and Mr. Sutherland a full list of all donations received for Western missions, in which honorable reference is made to a dear friend whose valuable assistance was so freely given in the fatherland. I hope the day is not far distant when I shall have the pleasure of bidding you welcome to the new mission-home. The road is growing shorter almost every day ; five or six days from Toronto to Bismarck, then up by a magnificent river steamer to Benton, then three or four days' ride by way of Sun River, and the traveller will reach Playground ; and if you do not pronounce it one of the grandest locations in all the mission field, I shall be greatly mistaken. Our trouble is the severe financial crisis in America, which has seriously affected our funds, and may cripple us in our operations for a time. I left all the moneys collected in the hands of the Secretaries until plans for building, &c., were matured. If life is spared I shall push the work next spring.

Please present my kindest regards to our excellent hostess and her worthy daughter, and also the young gentlemen. I should like to have the pleasure of tendering them the hospitality of one of our prairie missions ; the bill of fare would be a little out of the ordinary—buffalo tongue, beaver tail and wild mutton would be on the list. Well, laying all jokes aside, I shall never forget the four weeks so pleasantly spent at 17 Gough Square. If Providence permits us to get settled down, I shall send you a long letter descriptive of what I have seen and heard amongst the redmen, and I also intend to send a letter to the *Recorder*, expressing gratitude to our English friends who have remembered these far-off missions.

I remain, reverend and dear sir,

Yours very respectfully,

G. McDOUGALL.

The Methodist Missionary Notices contained the following, as one among the last letters written by the sainted missionary :

MORLEYVILLE, BOW RIVER,

Rocky Mountains, Dec. 23rd, 1875.

I have frequently conversed with you and also with other leading members of our Mission Board, as to the practicability of establishing an Orphan House for the destitute children of the Plain tribes. The stringent state of the money market, and the changes taking place in our Church organization, combined to make our worthy officials very cautious about embarking in any new scheme ; but, though nothing formal was done, I received great encouragement from not only members of our section of the Christian Church, but as you see by the attached list, from Christian ladies and gentlemen both in Great Britain and America.

In England, the Rev. Dr. Punshon earnestly recommended the Orphanage ; and had I been at liberty to have taken his advice, and remained in Britain during the summer, I have no doubt but that a large sum could have been obtained. I was greatly indebted to our own Dr. Taylor, a gentleman who has a practical knowledge of the sad condition of the western natives. The princely gifts of dear friends both at home and in the Dominion are gratefully acknowledged. For their information I would just state that the object for which their gifts were obtained will be put in practical operation as soon as possible ; a beautiful location has been selected on the Playground River, west of Fort McLeod, a spot well adapted for an Indian settlement. Next spring we hope to commence the erection of buildings, and at once open a school. Had we now accommodation for fifty scholars, more than that number could be collected from the Blackfeet, while both the Crees and the Stoneys have numbers of little orphans hanging on to their camps.

To the ladies of Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto, we tender our grateful acknowledgements for the clothing so generously provided. I also received a package of clothing from Minesing, Barrie Circuit, forwarded by John Moran, Esq. With the generous gift of our Kingston friends I have taken the liberty of applying it to another object, and have written to the ladies making the explanation.

When we reached Morleyville the season was far advanced, our animals, after their twelve hundred mile journey, required rest, so we resolved to winter at this place.

I found my son earnestly at work on the mission buildings, and was gratified to find that a large amount of building material had been procured. The pressing want of the mission is the completion of the church. For which purpose at least

\$2,000 bards, in addition to those already collected, will be required.

The appropriation for the entire mission [premises] was only \$500. It will require four times that amount for the church alone, and the work cannot be delayed without serious loss, as a congregation of at least 600 natives have long anticipated the time when they shall worship the "Great Spirit" in the new house of prayer. To employ workmen is utterly impossible, wages being enormously high, so we have resolved to do the work ourselves, and I have handed over to my son the clothing so generously provided by the Kingston ladies, requesting him to employ mixed bloods, or Indians, or anyone willing to saw lumber, in order that the Lord's house may be finished.

Our prospects are brightening in this western land. Contrasting the past with the present we are greatly encouraged—a spirit of peace rests upon the tribes. The present policy of our Government, if faithfully carried out, will without doubt be eminently successful. The Mounted Police have done a good work, and we are grateful for their services, but at the same time we would most earnestly recommend the strictest vigilance on the part of the authorities. The small number of whites, amidst the overwhelming number of aborigines, who but a short time ago received the harshest treatment at the hands of the pale-face, and who saw their country, which to them was a terrestrial paradise, changed by the whiskey trader into an infernal region, these men are not going to forget in a few short months all past grievances. In view of these facts we have felt that a strict discipline was necessary on the part of the military, and that it would be for the good of both natives and soldiers if there was less familiarity between the forts and the Indian camps. On the American side there is no danger in this direction; the Indian looks upon the American soldier as an enemy, and avoids him in every possible way; not so in this country—the red-coat was received as a friend, and the wild Blackfoot at this hour regards him as such. To perpetuate this friendly feeling the soldier must be kept from too familiar intercourse with the natives.

We are profoundly grateful for the comprehensive proclamation prohibiting the importation of intoxicating liquors into the North West, and we sincerely hope there will be no modification of these laws. There are those in this country who have recommended that canteens should be opened at each Fort, and that under certain restrictions white men should be

allowed the use of intoxicating drinks; nothing could be more disastrous to the best interests of this country than to allow the sale of intoxicating liquors at Government establishments. Since last August I have visited almost every Indian camp between Manitoba and the Rocky Mountains, and never missed an opportunity of conversing with the chiefs on the subject of temperance, and their reply has invariably been, "We are grateful to the 'Great Chief' for prohibiting his people from bringing fire-water into our camps. We love the fire-water. When we see it we want to drink it, and then all kinds of troubles come upon us. When we do not see it we do not think about it, and we all know we are better without it."

An appropriate monument was erected to his memory in the Morley Cemetery, where are laid some of the Stoney Indians awaiting the call upon the resurrection morn.

In the Methodist Church at Edmonton, Alberta, a plain memorial table of white marble set on black slate was placed, having the following inscription in the English and Cree languages: "Let not your hearts be troubled." In memory of Rev. George McDougall. "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

The Rev. Enos Langford, who for eight years was an Indian missionary to the Cree Indians, in the Hudson's Bay Territory, and amid universal regret passed away during his pastorate, in the city of Winnipeg wrote the following pathetic poem upon the death of George McDougall:—

Cold was the night and clear the sky,
While homeward bound, he looked on high
And saw the star which pointed out
The place he sought where sure he thought
To rest him for the night.

He spurs his horse but soon to find,
The heavy trains are left behind;
How quickly out of sight and sound!
Where now is he? we soon shall see
No traces can be found.

When to the camp his friends draw near—
"No traces of his footprints here."
"What! where! can he have missed his way
"Hate thee, torch, gun, and faster run."
"Call from the highest hills!"

In vain they searched, in vain they cried,
No trace was found, no voice replied;
Sad was that night, but sadder still,
When days had passed, and all at last,
Must count him with the dead.

And is he lost who oft had trod
Those hills and plains o'er snow and sod
He lost! who others homeward led!
Yes, lost is he though strange it be,
Who was himself a guide.

*An error. Over \$900 have already been appropriated.


Search, search for the remains at least,
Of one so brave but now at rest;
A hero on the field of strife;
The spirit's sword—the written word,
He wielded as for life.

With unrelenting zeal and care,
Some search here and others there
Nor do they stop till they have found
—The place of rest where angels blest—
His corpse upon the ground

Him dangers never ceased to yield,
Nor boundries knew his mission field,
As kind, as brave, each lingering trace
On George McDougall's smiling face,
Of goodness beaming still.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DEPARTED MISSIONARY.

HEN the Stoney Indians returned from their hunting expeditions in the mountains, they first learned of their loss. With sorrowful hearts the chiefs with their followers solemnly visited the grave. Few were their lamentations, but as they dropped the prairie flowers of the early spring time upon the mound, they showed the grief the heart experienced but which the lips could not tell. Some of them did not return until the early spring, and great was their sorrow of heart, for they had trusted the departed as their master and friend. The news spread to the camps of the Crees, Sarcees, Bloods, Piegiens and Blackfeet, and many of the red men spake softly, as they related the story of zeal and devotion, the words of love and tenderness to which they had listened, and the noble example which had been given to them by the man who had sacrificed his life for the dwellers in the lodges.

The writer has conversed with the dusky riders of the plains as together we sat in the buffalo skin lodges, and vivid were their remembrances of his acts of devotion and heroism. Sometimes amid the coldest nights of the winters spent at Morley messengers have come to the mission house from some distant camp, bearing the news of a sick or dying Indian, and in a short time, the sound of the sleigh-bells would arouse the weary occupants of the mission establishments as out into the darkness, and across the snow clad prairie the faithful missionary onward sped. The latter years of his life were full of labour, and stronger was his love and more prayerful his spirit, than in the earlier years. Friends and foes united in saying that a good man had fallen. They acknowledged that he had strong convictions and great courage. He was not faultless. His independent spirit, strong will and optimism aroused opposition. At times he stood alone as

a kind of missionary bishop, and was apt to press his own convictions to the front, and this was not always satisfactory in a church whose organization was founded upon the principles of democracy. He was faithful to duty, and in a time of lawlessness faithfulness implies true nobility of soul.

Many testimonies have been recorded of his worth and daring, and we would not needlessly refer to any of these, still it is well to heed the argument of silence, for when the censorious fail to establish their charges, or find nothing to complain of it is just that notice should be taken of these things.

The following eloquent tribute to the memory of the faithful missionary was given by the Rev. Leonard Gaety, in a public address:—

We have not come together to-day merely to indulge in eulogy. We are met to pay a deserved tribute of honour to the memory of a devoted missionary and a truly noble man. Whatever we may say or leave unsaid, the name of George McDougall will be written among "the few immortal names." That name is so deeply engraven upon the history of the North-West, and upon the hearts of its aboriginal races, that the pen of the historian will haste to do it honour, and even the untutored Indian will hand down to his posterity the memory of an honest official; a zealous peacemaker; an unselfish friend; and, above all, an heroic minister of Jesus Christ. The death of such a man is not only a loss to the Church, but to the country in which he lived.

Elisha looking longingly after the flaming equipage which bore hence the prophet of Horeb, from the privations of the wilderness and the rage of kings, cried "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." He felt that a prophet's undaunted message and all-conquering prayer were often mightier in the nation than her military forces. The real strength of a country does not lie in arsenals and ammunition, but in the incorruptible integrity and God-fearing devotion of good men. The recognition of this truth is at least implied in the fact that from all quarters, men of every shade of ecclesiastical creed, and political opinion, have vied with each other in acknowledgement of the sterling worth of our lamented brother McDougall. One way in which we may honour the memory of a good man is to mark his virtues and learn to imitate them. Our own short acquaintance with the deceased left upon our mind the portrait of a man of rugged honesty, as little flattered by a favor

as daunted by a frown. Calm and deliberate in his judgment, and practical in his plans. With the rare gift of perceiving an opportunity, and a strength of purpose resistless as fate. With his whole soul in his enterprise, and mighty faith in God, he threw his energies against the most appalling obstacles, never dreaming of defeat. To him "The primal duties shone aloft like stars," and eclipsed all lesser lights of policy and self-interest. Full of generous impulses and incapable of being false to friend or foe. We need not wonder that such a man succeeded in his holy calling. It would be an unaccountable anomaly if he should fail. We venture to hope that some author, worthy of his subject, may be inspired with the purpose of giving to the public, as early as possible, a faithful record of the life and missionary labours of Rev. Geo. McDougall. Such a book would be warmly welcomed in almost every Methodist home in the Dominion. It would be a valuable addition to our Sabbath School libraries, a blessing to our rising ministry, and a stimulus to the cause of missions.

Another way in which we may honour the memory of a good man, is by pushing forward the loved work which his death-palsied hand compelled him to leave unfinished. In the restless enterprise of his great heart our lamented missionary pleaded to the latest hours of his life for the reinforcement of old stations, and the location of new. Like a great general planning the conquest of the entire country, he judiciously selected his position and strove to plant his forts. On the plains and among the mountains, by the rude pathways of the emigrant and in the centres of a scanty trade. Amid the huts of the settler, and on the hunting grounds of the savage, he marked out the positions which commanded the widest usefulness, and were likely to insure the most speedy conquests. But his plans of labour and thoughts of love are left to other hearts and hands. Directly or indirectly they are left to ours. What more beautiful, or to him a more grateful tribute of our love, than for the Methodist Church of Canada to fulfil the latest and deepest purpose of his heart, and rear on the distant plains of the North-West the "orphanage" for which he awakened such deep sympathy on both sides of the Atlantic. The accomplishment of that most deserving object is within the reach of the Methodists of this Dominion, without prejudice to a solitary interest of the Church. Who will direct the effort?

The memory of a good man may be further honoured by a tender regard and

practical sympathy for his bereaved family; the sharers of his toils, privations and sorrows. No Christian heart could have been unmoved at the touching story which the widow tells of her husband's death and her heart's desolation. But for the grace of God how could she endure the picture of her faithful, heroic husband, roaming, probably blind, over the plains; faint, weary, and cold, alone with God, for days and nights together, until the last hope of earthly home and friends died out, and in growing weakness he made haste to commend his spirit to God who gave it, and laid him down to die.

The Church has lost a devoted missionary. The country has lost a great and good man. But the family has lost husband and father in a lone land, and under circumstances more than ordinarily sad. But his ashes will slumber as peacefully in the Valley of the Saskatchewan as in the vaults of Mount Royal. In death the providence of God kindly shielded him from the ostentation of pompous obsequies, and in the moving of the resurrection he will have the further honour of rising with the kindred dust of the tribes for whom he sacrificed even life itself. 'They cease from their labours and their works do follow them.'

The Rev. Dr. Enoch Wood to whom was assigned the task of preparing a suitable biography, but owing to pressing duties and physical disability never accomplished this purpose, said that "McDougall was devoted to his work; possessed of strong love for souls; absorbed in the welfare of the Indians; most unselfish; noble and generous; bold and unflinchingly courageous; has great powers of endurance; was firm in his friendships; and graphic in his written descriptions, and very eloquent upon the platform. He was zealous and enterprising in enlarging the work, and his plans were generally marked by good practical sense. The officials of the Hudson Bay Company had unlimited confidence in him, and deservedly so."

Principal Grant of Queen's University travelled over the prairies accompanied by George McDougall. The record of the journey was subsequently published under the title "*Ocean to Ocean*." He spoke enthusiastically of the sainted missionary as a man of reputation, full of ready resources, thoroughly acquainted with the country, and an obliging fellow traveller. With admiration he has stood on the missionary platform and in rapturous tones, charming and eloquent he has referred to this man as "one of our simple great ones." Lieutenant Governor Laird employed him to carry a message to the Indian tribes

scattered throughout the valley of the Saskatchewan, and in his report, he eulogises him as one of the most devoted friends and intelligent advisers the Indians ever had. As the Stoney Indians in their hunting trips called at the homes of the settlers, oftentimes they presented the Bible in the Cree Syllabic Characters to the white men to look at, and a few of them treasured tattered class tickets bearing the signatures of Rundle, Woolsey and McDougall mementos of the days gone by, and the men who have toiled so nobly in the defence of the faith.

The Church to which the fallen missionary belonged mourned deeply its loss, and from many pulpits the name of our hero was reverently spoken. The missionary zeal of the people was aroused as they remembered his urgent appeals for help all over the land.

The following Resolution was unanimously adopted at a meeting of the Committee of Consultation and Finance in connection with the Methodist Missionary Society.

"The Committee have heard with deep sorrow of the unexpected and melancholy death of the Rev. George McDougall, Chairman of the Saskatchewan District, who, on the night of the 24th of January, 1876, missed his way when searching for the encampment which they had occupied for a few days, and perished upon the plains about ten miles from the tent. His frozen body was found on the fourteenth day after he was missed, and is buried on the Morleyville Mission-grounds. This mysterious visitation deprives the Church of a most enterprising and devoted labourer, who, from the commencement of his Ministerial career, has devoted himself, soul and body, to the Indian work,—first in Ontario, then at Norway House, and for the last years of his useful life, to the wandering Tribes of the North-West Territory. The mystery with which such an event is shrouded is a trial to our faith; but carries with it an admonition to 'cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils,'—'to work while it is day,'—and to recognize with simple trust and meek submission the authority and wisdom of Him who 'doeth all things well.'"

"In this sad visitation the Committee tender to Mrs. McDougall and family their warmest sympathy, and fervent prayer for that consolation in this hour of trouble which Christ alone can bestow, and in this they are joined by many thousands of our Israel throughout the Provinces of the Dominion of Canada."

Sadly have we toiled since those days of grief, but the remembrance of the

work and the life is cherished as a rare blessing.

None have been more heroic than the missionaries who have consecrated their lives to the pagan tribes of the remote lands.

Heroic have been the men who have stood in the front, when danger threatened their country; but:—

"Not less heroic they who face
All deprivations and disease,
To break to a benighted race
The Gospel of the Prince of Peace."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FALLEN MANTLE.

HERE have been many earnest workers in the mission field, who have made great sacrifices for the sake of the heathen, and seldom have their achievements been recorded for the benefit of the Christian public; never have we heard their names mentioned upon a missionary platform. The wives of the missionaries toil in solitude amid many discouragements and although I have seen them fading away as a leaf and suffering keenly through the hardships of missionary life, I have never heard from their lips a single murmur, but always a determination to stand firmly at the post of duty and ever do the will of God. The lives of missionary women are seldom written and especially the wives of missionaries. In the solitude of the mission house they toil when the missionaries are absent on distant tours. Seldom does a friendly face cheer their hearts, but from early morn till late at night for days, weeks, months and sometimes for years they perform all the work at home, besides teaching the women and girls to sew and cook, preparing also nourishing food for the sick and aged. The missionaries receive strength from the various scenes and faces seen in their visits from camp to camp, and the monotony and isolation of life among the heathen is compensated by the study of new customs and beliefs passing daily before the eyes of these men who toil for God. The women do not visit the camps as often as their husbands, their work compelling them to be keepers at home. When upon missionary furlough the missionaries listen to the plaudits of the Christian public, and receive abundant encouragements, but the women who have made many sacrifices and suffered intensely receive few words of sympathy. Their names are not mentioned in the pages of the missionary magazines and they toil on unobserved, heroines of the cross, and unre-

warded by men. Even the Christian women at home seem to have forgotten their devoted sisters, an epistle of mercy reaching the mission houses only once a year never more than twice. The writer does not plead for unseemly adulation, but for honest and healthy recognition. These Protestant Sisters of Mercy have toiled as nobly as the most devoted ascetics of any country and age. They court not praise and they do not even seek recognition or sympathy still that does not relieve the women at home from their responsibility in this matter. When the writer labored among the Blood Indians, he felt keenly at times the need of a friendly word and sometimes it seemed as if the world was dead, or asleep. That same feeling has been experienced by other missionaries and the isolation of the mission field has whitened the locks and furrowed the brows of some of the bravest and noblest of the missionaries of the Cross. In these days when many of our Christian women are asking how they can work for God, a brief reference to one striking circumstance will not be out of place. Every Christmas there arrived at the mission house a package of beautiful Christmas cards, one for each member of the family, with the name of the sender, and expressions of love and sympathy written in the donor's handwriting. We expectantly waited for those cards every year, not so much because of their beauty, but that handwriting told a tale. Here was a lady who could find time amid the numerous duties of a city pastorate to write upon those cards, sending them to the lonely mission houses scattered widely over the Great North West. Our lips trembled, our hearts beat fast and we could hardly keep back the tears as we opened the package, for it reminded us of home, of loved ones far away, and of the pleasant memories of the past. We were human, and felt as others, very keenly the separation from home and early associations, and every token of love and remembrance nerved us more strongly for duty to God and the heathen. Is it any wonder that the world seemed empty and our hearts were filled with sorrow when we read in the newspapers that our Christmas friend—the wife of the Rev. T. W. Jeffrey, of Toronto—had passed away to the other side of life.

During the early years of missionary work in the Saskatchewan Mrs. McDougall labored hard in her own sphere, and many blessings came to her as a true reward. At Victoria she spent thirteen months alone with her family, her husband being absent. Frequent were these periods of absence, still she trusted in

God and sought to help the women toward a nobler life. She held meetings, buried the dead, attended to the sick, read sermons on the Sunday to the assembled congregations, and conducted prayer meetings. In these duties she was nobly assisted by the mission teacher. At one period she looked after twenty babies when their mothers were lying sick with scarlet fever. During the small pox plague she was alone for nearly two months. When George McDougall was absent nearly all the work of the mission devolved upon his wife. She taught the women to knit and sew and Georgina her eldest daughter who died of small pox, being able to speak the Cree language was a great help to her mother in all this missionary work. The years spent among the Cree Indians were full of suffering and toil, still there have been many seasons of joy, and better than everything else, there has been the consciousness of duty done. Since the death of the Hero of the Saskatchewan the aged widow has resided among the Stoney Indians at Morley, where in the declining years of her life, she has enjoyed the presence of her sons John and David with their wives and families, and occasional visits from her daughters in the north.

John McDougall went to Norway House with his father when a boy. His early years had been spent among the Ojibway Indians and fluently could he speak in the Indian tongue. A short time spent at Victoria College laid the foundation of future excellence combined with his early training among the Indians which fitted him specially for work on an Indian Mission field. The transition from the Ojibway to the Cree Language was so slight,—both of these languages belonging to the Algonquin stock,—that very soon he was able to speak the Cree tongue. When a lad he accompanied his father on his long missionary trips, acting as cook and interpreter. Gradually was he initiated into the work as a missionary, first as a mission school teacher and subsequently as an ordained missionary to the Indians. His first wife—the daughter of the late Rev. H. B. Steinhauer died suddenly during his absence from home. He was ordained at Winnipeg during the first Conference held there by Rev. Dr. Wm. Morley Punshon. In labors abundant and in sufferings oft, has he followed the path of duty. Upon his father's death he was elected Chairman of the Saskatchewan District, a position which he has always held. The writer first met him in Cobourg, Ontario, in the year 1879, and when requested by him at the desire of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Sutherland, Mis-

sionary Secretary, to become the successor of the late George McDougall as missionary to the Blackfeet, he consented after much thought and prayer, and together we left civilized Ontario for the distant West in June 1883. A record of the journey was published by Dr. Alexander Sutherland in "*A Summer in Prairie Land.*" Frequent have been our travels together in the west, in the early days, but in these latter times our paths lie in different directions.

In March 1884 the departing snows of hoary winter found the writer travelling over the prairie, having the Devil's Head as a notable landmark and our destination the mountain village of Morley.

The iron way running along the valley of the Bow, awakened reminiscences of the days that are gone, and give indications of prospective wealth, populous cities, rustic health and happiness amid the rugged glory and grandeur of our Canadian Alps.

The setting sun shone brightly on the snow-clad mountains as we crossed the Ghost River madly rushing on to swell the waters of the Bow, and through the deepening gloom we rode into the harmonious settlement to enjoy the sounds of the pleasant voices that first we heard in days of yore.

A royal welcome, a pleasant chat, and we entered the church to partake of the intellectual repast afforded at the missionary meeting. Excellent sermons were preached on Missionary Sunday by the Rev. Mr. Robertson, Presbyterian minister of Calgary. Addresses on missions were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Robertson and the writer.

An important feature in the meeting was the addresses by the Stoney chiefs and the singing of the orphanage children. Chief Bears-paw said:—

"When I look upon you I am happy. I remember when we were all in Heathenish darkness, and now we are in a missionary meeting with three missionaries to talk to us of the love of God. My heart is full. I am thankful to God for all his goodness."

Chief Chiniquy said:—"I am glad to be here. I love to hear of what God is doing in saving men's souls. We ought to be thankful for all that God has done for us. I am glad to be allowed to give something to send the Gospel to those who know nothing of the Saviour's love."

Chief Jacob said:—"When I look on these orphanage children, I am indeed very happy. We have never received an education, and we did not care much about our children being taught, as we did not see that there would be any bene-

fit in it. But when I listen to their singing, and see them look so neat and clean, I am thankful to the missionaries, and to all the people that help us, and to God. Our people are poor, but we are glad to be able to give to the cause of missions, and we give what we have with a cheerful heart."

A thrill ran through the large audience when all the Stonies sang, with intense enthusiasm, a hymn that they had learned from the lips of the devoted Rundle.

Over two hundred and sixty dollars was subscribed at the meeting. This was one of the grandest missionary meetings the writer ever attended.

Next day we visited the school under the care of Miss McDougall, and a feeling of surprise took possession of us when, after examining the children thoroughly, we became aware of the difficulties to be overcome and noted the success.

We conducted examinations in reading, spelling, geography and arithmetic, and the results were creditable to all concerned in aiding this Indian school.

In the evening a lecture, "Might and Right," was delivered to a very good audience by the writer. The collection taken up in aid of the Blood Indian Mission was excellent.

We visited the orphanage, and found over a dozen boys and girls, clean, neatly dressed, and happy. There was a familiarity amongst the children that made it feel like home. One little fellow was brought in, a Stoney arab, in rags and filth. In two hours he had passed through all the initiation ceremonies of hair-cutting, washing, and donning a suit of cloths. The change was amusing, and full of interest to Indians and whites. This lad was subsequently named George McLean.

It was interesting to witness the missionary enthusiasm of the Stonies. The day after the meeting some of them went out amongst their friends as volunteer collectors. One friend returned with a dollar he had received from a Blackfoot woman.

The work among the Stoney Indians has continued satisfactory, the Orphanage named after the Hero of the Saskatchewan has been enlarged, and a blessed future awaits all such industrial institutions, when well equipped and properly managed.

The mantle of Elijah has fallen upon Elisha and we pray that many red men may find through this zealous missionary the way of peace.

CREE HYMN.

"NEARER, MY GOD TO THEE."

1. Ke-se-wog-ne-man-toom,
Ke-nah-te-tin ;
Ah-ye-man-ock-ke-yam,
Ne gah-we-koon ;
Ah-yeeh-wak-gah-ge-ga,
Ne gah-se ne gah-moon,
Ke-se-wog-ne-man-toom,
Ke-nah-te-tin.

2. Ah-tah-pe-mooh-ta-yan,
Pah-ke-se-moog ;
Ah-tah wan-te pis kog,
Ne-pah-yah-ne ;
Ke-tah-pah-woh-te-ton,
Tah-se ne-gah mooh-yon,
Ke-se-wog-ne-man-toom,
Ke-na-te-tin.

3. Ah-pooh-ah-kooh-se-win,
Ne-bah-win ik ;
Ne-pe me-se-me-goon,
Ne-ne-yah-wik ;
Ah-yeeh-wak-ne-ta-chak
Tah-tas-qua-ah-mah-gao,
Ke-se-wog-ne-man-toom,
Ke-nah-te-tin.

4. Me-na ne booh we-nik,
Ooh te tah moa ;
Woh-weesh ah-gooh tah,
Nah-he-pah-yew ;
Ooh-Jesus-ne-man-toom,
Tah-ne-gah-moos-tah-tan,
Ke-se-wog-ne-man-toom,
Ke-nah-te-tin.